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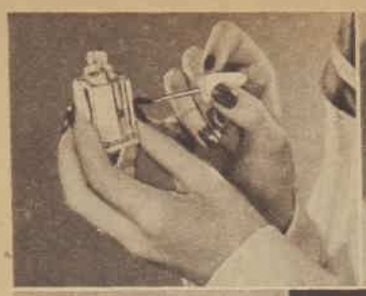

THERE'S a black market in most things from nail varnish to car tyres, in all kinds of food in short supply, and in rationed clothing. Buying black market goods aggravates shortages.

Black buyers make BLACK MARKETS

By VICKI ANDERSON

Are you a black marketeer? Think carefully before you answer no. There aren't many of us who, at one time or another, haven't connived at getting something extra for something extra—thereby helping racketeers and hindering the war effort.

It's true we're not the criminal operatives of rackets which reap huge profits and create shortages where there need be none.

OUR petty offences, such as paying above the fixed price for bacon or collecting an extra half-pound of butter without coupons, may not be important individually; but they can, when magnified on the basis of thousands of people following suit, divert trade from normal channels, create uncontrollable black markets, and seriously impair the war effort.

To buy some things on the black market these days you don't have to sneak down any side alley or "be in the know."

If you want nail polish (manufacture of which has long been banned by the Government) you merely note the bottles of unbranded nail polish displayed in some chemists' shops, walk inside, and buy a 4/6 bottle put up by a backyard manufacturer—and pay just 2/6 more than you paid for a similar amount of a standard quality polish before the ban.

No black market exists without a buyer, and we buyers comprise a pretty big army.

Our slips might be negligible and infrequent; at times we might imagine we get the best of a deal, but most of the time we're humiliatingly conscious of the fact that we're the prize mugs on the market.

Some get caught in a painful trap.

There was X., for instance. Some of his friends thought it funny. But he didn't.

X. was having breakdown trouble with his car in the city when another driver pulled up and offered to help.

"Good heavens, old man! Your tyres are in bad shape, aren't they?" said the Good Samaritan.

X. disconsolately agreed they were, and a conversation ensued, after which the friendly fellow promised to deliver a set of four brand-new tyres to X.'s garage in the morning for £100.

The tyres arrived in good order and condition, and X. parted with his £100.

Next day there was a knock on the door of X.'s home, and a gentleman who introduced himself as a special investigator on the trail of stolen tyres said he knew of the transaction.

X. was scared, and then relieved when he learned that the visitor would accept £100 to "forget it."

He paid, and later, shaken, but comforted by the knowledge of his four beautiful new tyres still safely on his truck, he opened the door of his garage to find the four wheels of the truck stripped bare.

He couldn't very well put the authorities on the trail of this ring of seller, fake inspector, and thief.

To do so would have been to incriminate himself.

Stolen goods

HE paid pretty dearly, but he and others like him are responsible for the fact that hundreds of tyres stolen from railway goods trucks or stripped from private cars are reaching the black market and finding ready sales every week.

Some of us enter black marketing in blissful ignorance, and are caught through our own carelessness.

Like Mrs. A. and dozens of other "in-a-hurry-to-buy" housewives, who have been caught in the potato racket when potatoes are short.

"Have you any potatoes?" Mrs. A. asked of the city greengrocer.

"Yes, Madam, here's a shilling's worth." The charming man smiled obligingly, handing her the potatoes, unweighed, in a brown paper bag, from behind the counter.

Back home, remembering the potatoes hadn't been weighed, Mrs. A. weighed them herself, to find there was barely sixpence worth in the bag.

While the rest of the housewives in her street are lucky to get two eggs a week one woman gets a dozen for which she pays 4/- instead of the fixed price.

Mrs. B., although she might not realise it, is contributing to the support of some unscrupulous agents, who, according to officials, are operating an all-time high in the egg racket in some States.

Instead of supplying customers with 50 per cent. of the number of eggs they obtained up to October, 1943, some black marketeers are supplying customers with only eight per cent., diverting the rest to black-market buyers prepared to pay far above the fixed price.

At a busy suburban shopping centre, a man who sells fruit and soft drinks does a roaring trade. He used to have competition from the fruit and soft drink shop of his rival across the street, but he doesn't any more.

Petrol racket

THE first yielded to a carter's demand to pay one shilling a dozen extra for soft drinks, but the law-abiding one refused, so the carter forgot to call; and so did some of his customers.

The carter is making £30 a week.

One motor driver hasn't any difficulty in getting more than his petrol ration for week-end pleasure trips.

He buys it from a man, who, with hundreds of others, is working quite a neat dodge by buying up second-hand cars to get the petrol issue and selling the petrol at a price which soon covers initial outlays, and nets a handsome profit.

If you're sitting back and smugly resenting the suggestion that you would buy black market, think carefully before you protest your innocence, because the market is so extensive and operative in so many ways that unwittingly you may have contributed quite a deal to the support of it.

If you're a prey to characters who periodically pop up in business offices and on your doorstep selling cosmetics, couponless underwear, and even electric irons, you're helping to turn the illegal wheels of backyard factories.

The cosmetics, which are not tested, may cause skin infection, and many electric irons made and sold illegally have been proved dangerous.

The underwear and clothing you bought may have been stolen from the luggage of a friend.

Passengers' luggage stolen from station platforms has yielded thousands of pounds' worth of complete wardrobes for black-marketing.

If you pay 25/- for a carton of American cigarettes which were originally sold to an American serviceman for 2/9, or pay 1/- for a 10d. packet of Australian cigarettes, then you're the reason the tobacco racket is so widespread, and why at various times you'll find the shortage hitting home at you.

We, the buyers, could break black markets the minute we decided to stop buying on them.

Perhaps we could—and would—if we stopped to think of the issues involved; if we remembered that every time we yield to black-market temptation we clog the wheels of the war effort, delay just that little longer the day of victory and peace.

Oo! Here's my Mummy and she's got my PEARS SOAP!

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PUBLIC LIBRARY 1 JUL 1944 NEW SOUTH WALES

Time Stood Still

By Margot NEVILLE

IN the stillness of the summer morning Sgt.-Pilot Simon Shore, of the R.A.A.F., was walking along the Sussex road. He had come down from London on week-end leave to find the home of his ancestors, the place from which his great-great-grandfather, Simon Marvell, had set out for Australia more than a hundred years ago.

Funny how excited he was feeling, but this was something he had promised himself he would do ever since he was a kid.

His mother had told him the name of the village in Sussex from which her people came, and that the house they had lived in was a mile from the church along the straight, sunken road.

All that remained of what the first Simon had taken when he left England were six silver teaspoons, with rat-tail backs and an almost obliterated "M" on the handles. These spoons were in the pocket of his descendant now. He couldn't quite say why he had brought them along. It had seemed as natural as slipping your passport into your pocket when you were setting out on a journey.

The cross-country bus had put Simon down at the end of the small straggling street—just a row of cottages and little shops asleep in the morning sun.

He walked on. Yes, there was the church, grey flint, and yew trees; and beyond, the road running between hedges of flowering hawthorn and wild roses.

Suddenly he was at the gates of a manor house—wrought-iron gates flanked by stone pillars. He went closer, pushed open the gates, and slipped inside.

The coolness and depth of the tree shadows wrapped him round; everywhere there was a breathless air of enchantment, so that he found himself hushing his footsteps as he walked up the drive.

Presently the chestnuts opened out, and his eyes narrowed with delight—there, on a little rise, was the house itself—Jacobean, with mullioned windows and ball-surmounted gables and twisted chimneys, time-mellowed and glowing.

Simon drank it all in, childhood pictures come alive.

He stood still, filled with a rich content, grateful that sometimes the reality outrivals the dream.

What now. He couldn't step up to that great door, ring the bell, and claim relationship—such a distant relationship at that. But he wished that he were invisible and could go into the house, where the friendly ghosts of dead kinsmen would greet him, approving, maybe, because he had come to fight for all this as well as for his own country.

He roused himself at last, and retraced his steps down the avenue, and then down a path that led to a small farm in the dip of the valley.

There was no one visible at the front, so he made his way round to the back and, going up to the open kitchen door, looked in.

An old woman was mixing dough in a bowl. She looked up and saw him.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning. I wonder if you could tell me the name of the big house up there, the manor house?"

"That's Rother Hall," she said, "and this is Cherry Tree farm." Her brown eyes were looking at him appraisingly. "You're a stranger round here, are you?"

"Well, I am—in a way," he answered slowly. "I come from Australia, you see."

"From Australia? Well, now, you're the first Australian airman we've had down this way. Would you care to come in for a cup of tea?"

"Thanks, that's very kind of you." He took off his cap and entered the kitchen.

"Perhaps you'd step into the parlor, sir. I'll bring it to you there."

But Simon looked round the friendly kitchen, with its brick floor and low-beamed ceiling.

"Can't I stay and have it here?"

She smiled at him, and said:

"Certainly. I've got some scones in the oven. They're just ready. You must've smelt them."

Presently he asked: "Does the house up there have visiting days?"

"Oh, no, but I'm sure they'd be glad for an Australian airman to go in and have a look round. They've lent it for a convalescent home for soldiers. We send them all our cream."

"Does this farm belong to you?"

"Good gracious, no. It belongs to Mr. Edward. Miss Anna's running it now while he's in the Army. It's a big job for a girl not yet twenty-three," she said proudly, "with only old Dick to help her."

"I'll say it must be. It's pretty old, isn't it?"

"It is that—older than Rother Hall, parts of it. The family's been here for hundreds of years, and it's always been the same."

"I guess these places don't change much."

"Change? No, what's to change them? I often stand at the door and look across Ash Meadow there, with the cows coming up for Dick to milk, and I think to myself—it'll be just the same, everything looking just as it does now, when that old Hitler's nothing but a nasty memory—I always say bad things don't last like good ones."

She split open the hot scones and spread butter on them, pushed the gooseberry jam toward him, and poured him out more tea.

At last his meal was finished, and he thanked her and got up to go. His cap was lying on the dresser, and he stepped across to get it. The dresser drawer was open, and as he put out his hand for the cap, something inside the drawer caught his eye.

There on a strip of baize were six silver teaspoons, with rat-tail backs and a worn "M" on the handles.

He stared down at them while the jumbled pieces of a new picture began to fall into place in his mind.

He turned and faced the old woman.

"You didn't tell me—I forgot to ask. . . . What's the name of the people up at the Hall?"

"You mean Lord Rotherhurst?"

"Lord Rotherhurst!"

"Yes, that's his name."

"Have they lived there long?"

"Oh, yes, sir, hundreds of years."

So that was it! What a sap he'd been! Hanging on to an adolescent's dream of baronial halls, when all the time his ancestor Simon came from this old farmhouse. It, too, was just a mile from the church down the sunken road from the village. He saw it all now. He'd built his fantasy out of the almost nothing his mother had told him because he wanted it that way, all mixed up with poetry and romance.

This was his real background — a homely kitchen and a farmyard.

Well, what was wrong with that? . . . But, all the same, a sense of loss and disappointment filled him. He put on his cap, said his thanks and good-bye to the old woman and stepped out the door.

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"You'd better come down and let me do that for you," Simon said gaily.

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D for DAVID

By Australian Author
CHARLES PHILLIPS

"It is a token of the day that is to come," he said.

MAY, 1940, and the iron juggernaut of the German Panzer divisions had swept through France, into Paris itself. All defence seemed to have crumbled — white-anted by the fifth columnists.

Tractors of the tanks ground the freedom of France into the mud of the roadways as they rumbled on their victorious way. In the sky, the Luftwaffe dived and swooped like the carrion vultures they were, showing no mercy to the straggling lines of refugees who filled every roadway.

David Leith, lieutenant in the King's Own, led the remaining eight of his broken but unbeaten detachment along the country lane with as much speed as could be managed. Delayed as they were by their wounded, he was doubtful whether they could reach Le Havre before the Nazis.

He and his men had fought long and well until forced to retreat by the crumbling line round them. Since then there had been no line, but a long, fighting retreat.

"Hurry it up as fast as you can, men. It's only a matter of time before Jerry gets to Le Havre, and we've got to catch one of those boats waiting there."

"Some of these men are pretty tuckered, sir," the sergeant beside him said. "They'll have to have a rest before long."

"How far do you think it is?"

"Couldn't say, sir, but there's a farmhouse over there. Unless everyone's beat it, you should be able to find out from them."

"Right! Take the men to that gate. I'll cut across the fields and will meet you there."

Hurrying across the green fields toward the clean little white building he could not help appreciating the quiet beauty of the scene. The thought of it being despoiled by the German hordes made his blood boil within him. Before he could knock at the door, it opened. To his war-strained eyes the vision before him was rather startling.

"Er—er—perhaps, mademoiselle, could er—er," he stuttered helplessly in clumsy French.

"Monsieur would like food and drink for his men?" she smiled at him.

"Oh. Er—rather—delighted——"

"You will call them, please."

Before David realised it, he and his men had been herded into a long, clean kitchen, and were soon enjoying coffee and soup, the first good food they had had for weeks. He could scarcely take his eyes off the girl—her cool, dark sweetness drugging his mind into forgetting for a moment the horrors about him.

"I don't quite know how to thank you, miss——"

"Jeannette, I am called, monsieur, and you need not thank me."

"But this food——"

"It is nothing. All day—every day, for weeks—refugees have been passing by our door. I, too, am a refugee, I know hunger only too well."

"But why are you here? Why have you not gone on to Le Havre? You could get away to England from there. Come with us, now."

"Non, monsieur, but thank you. Mon pere and I fled from St. Quentin, but mon pere, he says, Non. We go no farther. We found this farm, empty, evacuated—here we are, and here we stay."

"But, great heavens, the Nazis will soon be here."

"That may be so—but they will not always be here. One day it will be our turn, and we shall strike back. Then there will no longer be Nazis here, nor in any other part of the world."

"You are right—we will be back—but I hate to think of leaving you here. I have my orders to proceed to Le Havre—to be evacuated."

"I understand, monsieur. You have your orders—it is your duty—this, I think, is mine. Who knows, I may yet strike a blow for France."

"It may be so. Sergeant, start the men on their way."

David watched his men for a moment thoughtfully, and then turned to her. "Jeannette, this is a bad day in all our lives—but it will not be so always. One day we will come again, and then the shadow of fear will be lifted. People will be able to go back to their homes. Men and women will feel free again—free to do all the things they have always done—free to talk, to laugh and sing—free to love again."

"I, too, believe that day will come, monsieur."

"Then take this ring—my thanks to you for your kindness and a token of the day that is to come. It has my initial on it, D . . . D for David. Au revoir."

She stood at the door watching him hurry after his men, her eyes glowing with happiness. "Au revoir—not good-bye—which means he will return," she murmured.

The years rumbled stormily by—years filled with disappointments giving way to triumphs. Dunkirk—the Battle of Britain—Greece—Crete—Libya—Italy . . . June, 1944. No longer did the German Army goose-step on its murderous march of victory. All over Europe the step was changing—to a run on the Russian front, and a shivering, doubtful tremble behind the Atlantic Wall. Aggression no longer their watchword, but . . . defence.

Midnight, June the Sixth!

In the headquarters of the Southern Paratroop Command, commanding officers were being given last instructions.

"This, gentlemen," the general told them, "is the day we have been waiting for. In a short while you will be storming your way back to the places from where we were driven a few years ago. I know you will not fail. Captain Leith will remain, the rest report to your assembly stations."

The general waited until the others had saluted and filed out, then he turned to David.

"Captain Leith. You have a very important assignment. You are to be dropped with your men close to the hiding place of one of our agents. For years now this agent has been doing excellent work for us. They have the knowledge of every vital dump and means of supply the Nazis possess in that area.

"You are to contact them and follow out a course of systematic sabotage. Remember — to succeed, we must find the enemy's weak spots. If we cannot find any, we must make them. That is all. Now, goodbye, good luck, and I look forward to seeing you in Berlin."

Two hours later David was in a transport plane roaring over the Channel. Below him was a veritable inferno. Flashes of flame, tracer shells, and the yellow-green of explosions formed a field of fire. Over the coast, into a land of darkness, breathless with suspense as, in the flash of guns and bursting bombs, the people saw the dawn of hope. The age-old battle—the forces of light and darkness battling for supremacy.

"Stand by, you chaps," came the voice of the pilot. "This is where you drop off."

Twelve pairs of eyes watched the signal light. David gave his last words of warning:

"I'll go first, men. Watch for the signal—R—R for Ring—by torch-light. Join me at that point."

The red light flashed, and with a yell he was through the descent trap. He felt the jerk of the rip-cord, and in a second was floating gently down.

His thoughts flew back over the years. This must be near the farmhouse where he met Jeannette. He wondered if she was still there and if she still remembered him. His eyes caught a speck of light. He watched carefully. Dot . . dash . . dot . . It was the signal.

Next minute he had hit the ground. He rolled over, freed himself from his chute, and began racing toward the point of light. Behind him he could hear the pounding of feet, and he knew his men were following. A shadow whispered in the darkness: "The word, quick."

"R . . R . . for Ring," he answered swiftly.

"Follow me," murmured the other. "Speed is essential—as yet the Nazis do not realise that their time has come."

David hurried after the guide, his men moving silently in Indian file behind him.

Away to the north he could hear the thunder of the guns. Out of the darkness the bulk of a building suddenly loomed. Their guide tapped a signal on the door. It was opened stealthily, a few muttered words were passed, and they all filed through into a darkened room.

With the closing of the door, a lamp was lit, and in its shaded light David could make out a group of men seated at a table. At its head sat an elderly man and a girl—his heart leaped—Jeannette.

A flash of eyes round the room and he knew he was back in the kitchen where they had first met. His lips did not move, but his eyes sped their message, and the light in hers and the smile on her lips answered him.

"You are on time, Captain," spoke the elderly man, "and we are in readiness. Here we have the details of hidden munitions, secret roads through the forest, and the details of the Nazis' mining of the bridges. A number of our men will go with you to act as guides and runners with reports which we will communicate to your beach-head."

"You have wireless here?" David asked.

"In the cellar, dropped piece by piece by your planes. This is the day we have been waiting for. My daughter and I have worked for years for this, and now we are striking back—for France."

David hurriedly studied the plans and after a discussion mapped out a plan of campaign. At last they were ready to move. The light was blown out before the door was opened, and in the darkness a voice whispered:

"This is the day, D... Day ... D for David. I knew you would return, and so I say once again—au revoir—for I know you will return again."

Their lips met in a second of fleeting sweetness, and then he was through the door into the night. In the distance, the roar of battle heralded his going, and a voice echoed in his ears, "D . . . Day . . . D . . for David."

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WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?

Quick thinking and prompt action bring promise of romance.

"Good for you, Elf," John cried excitedly.

I ASK you—what else could I have done about it? The bus had been making a beast of itself all up the hill. It wasn't a surprise to anybody when it stopped altogether. The driver pushed back his window. "Far as we can take you!" he said. He sounded quite pleased—do them no harm to walk, was obviously what he was thinking.

Well, the night was fine, most of the passengers lived near or on the other side of the hill; I could take a short cut across the fields. No, it wasn't so bad—except for him.

I noticed him as soon as he got into the bus. Even now, when there are so many of them, you can't help noticing a man with wings. Besides, he was lame. He carried a stick, and he had stumbled as he had climbed the step.

I wanted to help him, but I knew he'd hate it. You don't have brothers without learning something, even if you are young, and not yet through secretarial college. But I'd have noticed him even without the limp. He had that sort of master-look—quiet and controlled and very proud.

We began getting out. He stood up.

"Is this the last bus?" he asked the conductress.

"It is!" she said.

"How far is it to Apswood Manor?"

That's the big place in the neighborhood, the Grahames' place.

"Can't say, I'm sure," she answered. They seem to take a pride in not knowing anything, the conductresses in our parts.

"It's another four miles at least, I'm afraid," I told him.

He turned and looked down on me, seeing me for the first time. "Any chance of getting a taxi?" he said.

"They simply won't come out at night," I said. "But I can ring up from home—it's not far away."

"Would you? It would be awfully good of you. I could wait here——"

"Can't do that," said the conductress, now busy making up her face. "We'll be getting a tow back. No passengers allowed."

"Would you come with me?" I said hastily. "It's not more than half a mile at the most."

He turned and looked at me, this time as if he really saw me. I was glad I have no bother with my hair, that it doesn't go into streaks, and that the gold color's okay, and misses being too blonde.

"That's awfully good of you," he said.

He made a little movement to show that he would follow me. I stepped out, and didn't watch him while he did the same.

It was the kind of evening for something marvellous to happen. The sun had just set and left a band of green shot with pink, the hills looked soft and cosy, like grey sheep. And there was the thinnest new moon. I'll always remember this, I thought, even though he is quite grand, and is going to Apswood, and I'll probably never see him again.

"You know I'm awfully obliged," he said. "You got me out of a hole. Walking isn't just my strong point, at present. Your people won't object?"

"Of course not! Here's a stile, I'm afraid."

I'd been going to tell him about Mum and me being all alone, now that the boys are in Africa, and Dad has got that admin. job for the R.A.F. Then I saw that the stile we had come to was more than just a stile to him. I suppose a five-bar gate couldn't have looked much worse. I had to help him. He had to lean on me. I hated it for him. I could see his face white in the moonlight. "Any other little obstacles like this?" he asked. "Any barrages, booby-traps or minefields?"

"It's straight going now," I said.

He was still hanging on to my arm. I couldn't help thinking I'd like to be the girl who always had to do things for him. But I knew he was counting the steps to the gate. I'd have lifted the house bodily and put it beside him, if I could have managed it. We reached it at last. I was surprised to find the door locked, but I got the key from inside the kennel where we always put it. Mum must have gone round to Mrs. Bryant's; I thought, she has a grandson out East, and they talk about the boys together.

Then we were inside. Everything looked very pretty with flowers and things, and a meal left for me on a table with a checked blue and pink tablecloth. He sank into a chair. He was breathing rather fast.

"I'll ring up the taxi people," I said, "but I'll get you a drink first."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am," he said.

"That's okay," I answered.

I went to the phone in the hall. It was while I was dialling the number that I saw mother's note. She had been called away; granny had suddenly been taken ill. Mother had just had time to catch the last bus into town. "Go to Mrs. Bryant's if you're nervous, darling," she had written. Then I realised that I wasn't getting an answer from the taxi company.

I told him so. He was definitely worried.

"Id better ring the Grahames," he said.

I showed him the telephone. "John speaking," he said. "John Holdsworthy." I knew that he would have a nice forthright name like John. He was explaining to Mrs. Grahame at the other end. I could imagine her twittering the way she did when she gave away our prizes at school, and explaining, no doubt, that all their cars were laid up. He'll have to stay here, I thought. It isn't going to end just yet.

He was looking worried when he came back to me.

"It's all right," I said. "I can easily make up a bed for you. You could have——"

Then the phone rang again like mad. I went to answer it. "Elf, darling," said Mum. "What on earth have you been doing? I tried to get you twice. Have you found my note?"

"Yes. The bus broke down and I had to come by the fields, and——"

"That explains it. Listen, darling. I've precisely four minutes before the train goes. Listen. They say that there is a burglar about. He broke into the Dunlops' last night, and the Firths' the night before that. Very plausible and gentlemanly they say he is. In uniform. He's not in the least likely to be near you, but perhaps you'd better lock up and go to Mrs. Bryant's."

"Of course, Mum," I said soothingly. "Your four minutes must be nearly up."

She began making agitated noises, and then she rang off. Nonsense, I thought. Of course, I'm not going to Mrs. Bryant's. Why, if I told her about the burglar she'd have a heart attack.

Except for Mum's jewellery there wasn't a thing in the house anybody could want. Except Mum's jewellery! Gran had sent it only a month or two ago.

We had meant to put it in the bank, but in our house nothing gets done until we've thought about it for months. It was still there in the safe in the wall behind the sideboard.

A burglar? Plausible and gentlemanly? In uniform? Mum hadn't said what kind of uniform. Oh, no, no. Anyway, he had a gammy leg, hadn't he? Anybody might behave as if it hurt to get over stiles.

No, I wasn't going to believe that—I wasn't. He hadn't just taken advantage of the bus breakdown to get into the house. He wasn't like that. He was marvellous. Plausible and gentlemanly, Mum had said.

But he'd rung up the Grahames—he might just have pretended to ring up the Grahames.

In the end, the more I thought about it—and I couldn't think really properly—the more I thought I had to take precautions, especially after Daddy had joked about that jewellery and said that it would keep him in his old age. After all, I was alone in the house with a possible burglar. I had to think what to do, and to do it quickly. I ran upstairs. There's a ring I have, a little one. If you twist it round you can't see the stone in it. I put it on my left hand—third finger. Then I went down again. John Holdsworthy was walking round the room, looking at things. And he was quite near the sideboard!

..."This is William and Mary, isn't it?" he said, looking keenly at it.

"I think so. That was my husband on the phone," I said, putting my hand on the back of the chair so that he could see the ring.

He turned round and gaped.

"You're married?" he said.

"Why not?" I demanded. After all, at that dance last Christmas one of my partners told me I looked at least twenty.

"He's on Home Guard," I said. "But he thinks he can get back tonight after all. I hope he does. I'd like you to meet him."

John Holdsworthy looked at me. His mouth was twitching. Something seemed to be amusing him an awful lot. He sat down again and offered me a cigarette. I took one. It was a lovely case, with a crest. Loot?

"And what sort of a man did you pick on to marry?" he asked.

"He's very strong and athletic," I began.

"I rather thought so," said John Holdsworthy. "Go on."

"But he's not just the bulldog type," I said, warming up to it. "He's more lithe and sinewy. And very dark, with slumbrous eyes and a tiny moustache. And his hands are very long, as if he were a musician. And his voice is soft as if there were velvet in it."

"I see," said John Holdsworthy, grimly.

Funny, if I had described my dream-husband, I should have made him just as John was at that moment, with that funny, rather sad, humorous smile, that keen jaw and those eyes that looked at you so dead straight. I knew then that I'd never seen anybody whom I liked so much. I'd outgrown the other type soon after my fifteenth birthday.

"Sounds like sugar and spice and all that's nice," he said. "I'd like to meet him. He's lucky. I'm sure that you are everything that a wife should be. Mrs.—er—Mrs.——"

"Lancaster," I said. "Elfreda Lancaster."

"Does he call you Elf?"

"Er—no. But mother does."

"I should, too," said John. "Definitely. So you're alone—except for your husband? What will he say when he finds me here?"

"Oh, I explained," I said, and then wondered if he had heard me talking to mother. "I'll make up the divan for you," I added.

"When is the first bus?"

"Six-fifteen. Workman's."

"I'll catch it. I'll be away before you're down in the morning. I won't wake you. You've been so good to me—Elf."

He was still looking at me in that queer way—as if he wanted to laugh, as if he had seen through that invention of mine and knew why I had thought it necessary.

I got him towels and sheets and things. I let him have first turn in the bathroom. Then I went upstairs and locked my door on myself, in case he really was a burglar—just in case. He wasn't, of course, but if he were——

I liked the way his hair grew on his forehead. I liked the way his mouth curled up at the corners when he smiled. I was thinking these things as I fell asleep.

It was a noise I heard, a noise outside my window. At first I tried to tell myself it was only a rat or something. But it wasn't, and I knew quite well that it wasn't. I slid out of bed and peered through the window. It was true. There was a man beneath my window, a man in battle-dress. My Home Guard husband come home—if I had had one—but I hadn't. He was skirting the house until he reached the front door. He was trying the handle very softly. And I'd left it open. After all that fuss, I had left it open.

I saw him disappear inside. I could hardly move. Then at last I forced myself to put on my dressing-gown and unlock my bedroom door. I crept to the top of the stairs. I could see the man's torch working below. Then he switched on the light. As he went into the lounge, the lounge where John Holdsworthy was sleeping on the divan, I slipped downstairs. The burglar had left the door of the lounge open. Standing there in the shadow I could see and hear everything.

It was John who spoke first.

"So it's true," he said. "No kidding."

"What's true?" said the man in Home Guard dress truculently.

"Of course, they marry them from the cradle nowadays," said John. He bowed gravely. "Mr. Lancaster, I presume?"

"Who are you?" said the newcomer.

"John Holdsworthy. Your wife told you about me, I think."

"Well, I didn't quite get the hang of it," said the other man.

His eyes were darting about all over the place, furtive and frightened, or so it looked to me. John just thought he looked angry and suspicious, I suppose. He hastened to put things right.

Please turn to page 20

By PAMELA VANE

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Wish your baby good health and happiness by all means — but wishes are not enough. You must make sure he grows up sturdy and strong by seeing that his diet includes a good proportion of pure, whole wheat foods such as WEET-BIX Whole Wheat Biscuits, GRANOSE Whole Wheat Biscuits, and BIXIES Whole Wheat Flakes . . . These three famous Build-Up Breakfast foods are among the finest you can serve at your table. Made the SANITARIUM way, little of the natural goodness of the whole wheat grain is lost. Pre-cooked and toasted for instant serving — they save time and fuel, too. Serve with milk or split and buttered and spread with honey or jam. Obtainable from all grocers.

If you'd like to know more about correct diet, and new ways of serving WEET-BIX, GRANOSE, and BIXIES, listen-in to Mrs. Winifred Wiseman, who broadcasts in the "Kommonsense Kitchen Klub", sponsored by The Sanitarium Health Food Company, twice weekly over your favourite radio station.

SERVE THESE

"Build-up Breakfasts"

THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY

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GIVE BACK MY HEART

By MARY HOWARD

KAY HARDING, formerly secretary to the brilliant London theatrical producer, MARTIN ANDERSON, and now a member of the W.A.A.F., and ANDREW MAYNE, R.A.F. sergeant, suspect that beautiful MAGDA JOUBERT, Martin's latest star, is a foreign agent.

Andy finds a swastika emblem in a cigarette lighter which Magda gave Martin, and which Martin later gave to Kay, while BORIS ARNHEIM, a Polish flying-officer, shows extraordinary interest in the lighter, leading them to believe that he is actually Magda's husband, whom she deserted in Poland.

Later, accepting Martin's invitation to a party at his flat, Andy and Kay decide that Magda is engaged in collecting military information from servicemen. She has taken complete charge of Martin's life and work, demoralising them both. The party is wild, with most of the guests intoxicated, while Martin's old stage manager has been replaced by the boorish CURTIS.

When Andy speaks to Magda about the lighter, she runs hysterically from the room, and he calls to Kay to follow her with him.

Now read on—

"What is the matter? What have you said to her?" Curtis demanded angrily.

TOGETHER Andy and Kay went quickly through the hall—the big, untidy bedroom was empty. Kay, who knew the flat, threw open the door of Martin's small study. There was a single desk lamp switched on at Martin's writing-desk, and Magda sat there, her face buried in her hands, her slender shoulders shaking with sobs. There was a quick sound of footsteps behind them. Curtis came in hurriedly and went across to her, put his arm about her shaking shoulders.

"What's the matter, kid? What's going on here? What have they said to you?" He glared furiously at Andy and Kay standing by the door. Magda clutched at the comforting hand and turned her face into his shoulder, but she did not speak. Kay glanced at Andy, and could have burst out laughing at the impartial, interested, slightly critical expression on his face.

"What happened?" she murmured.

"She said she got it in Berlin as a souvenir, so I mentioned that in that case she must have chosen it with Martin's initials a year or two before she even knew of his existence.

Kay smiled. "Then what?"

"Then I gave her your suggestion. That they might stand for Magda Arnheim, and if they did her husband was still alive, and I knew him well, so she just threw this fit. Now I'm waiting to see what next."

Magda continued to sob and hide her face—Curtis patted her ineffectually, then turned and said angrily: "What is the matter? What have you said to her? Why should she be like this?"

"I haven't any idea." Andy put his hand up to the switch and turned all the lights on. Magda shrank, hiding her face again, but not quickly enough to disguise the fact that though it was flushed, it was not with tears.

Andy said gently, "What is it—Mrs. Arnheim?"

Curtis' enigmatic front suddenly broke in sheer irritability. "Will you tell me what all this is about? You're sending me crazy between you. Magda—the folks out there will be wondering what's wrong. What am I to tell them?"

She rose quickly to her feet, clutching her handkerchief between her fingers. Kay thought coolly: She's had a break—she's thought out her line of defence.

"Tell them I'm not well, Jim, and get them out—tell them to go away."

"Okay." He glanced uncertainly at Kay and Andy, and went out into the hall. Magda stretched out her little hands appealingly.

"He is still at your camp? It was he who watched me that night from the bushes—I thought it was a ghost. I thought it was another dream. I have dreamed of him so often . . . I was frightened. What a fool! It really was him. You cannot understand how I feel," she pressed her hands closely on her breast, "you cannot understand after all these years of parting, to learn that he is still alive. In England. That I shall see him again."

Andy shifted his feet and smiled guilelessly. "I'm afraid I can't tell you actually where he is. He's in hospital—in rather bad shape, I believe. They won't let me see him, and I know him pretty well."

Her eyes seemed to distend. She went up to Andy, her hands softly on his arm. "But you must tell me. He is my husband. I have every right to see him."

"Well, if you apply through the usual channels, say you've heard he's alive, and wounded, they should let you know."

Her hands went up in the air. "Oh, this—this red tape! He may be dangerously ill. Suppose—suppose I was too late. I am longing to be near him, to see him once again. He is so brave—for me he gave everything . . ."

She turned to Andy again, the appealingly little hands on his arm. "You do not understand. Please try. It is my husband whom I love. Until to-night I thought—I do not know what I thought. That he is dead. That he is still in Poland in the power of those beasts. Please, please help me to go to him."

Kay stood very still. The lovely little figure was so near Andy, the face turned up to his was eloquent with appeal. Kay thought anxiously: She is acting. She must be. It couldn't be that all the time we have been mistaken . . . then why didn't Boris claim her that night? . . .

Andy said brutally, as though his mind had simultaneously arrived at the same point: "But how about this set-up? What are you going to tell him about Anderson? What is Martin going to say when you produce a husband?"

Magda stiffened, her hands fell to her side. "You despise me because—because Anderson and I have been so much to each other. But I was alone here, and penniless—I had no friends."

Andy said easily: "You've plenty of talent. Anderson would have given you the job anyhow."

"You mean—you won't tell me where he is?"

"No."

The three of them stood there quite silently—outside in the hall there had been the sounds of voices and protracted farewells—evidently Curtis was getting rid of the guests.

Magda stood there, white to the lips, her hands clenched, until the sound of voices was quiet, and the front door closed, then with a sharp movement, as though her patience were exhausted, she whipped round, threw open the study door, and ran out into the hall, calling loudly: "Curtis—come here! Curtis, where are you . . ."

Andy's eyes lit, and he took Kay's arm, and said gently: "Come on—I think we've learned all we're going to learn—to-night. This is where we bolt. Curtis is small, but he may be armed . . ."

"My hat and bag, in the bedroom," said Kay.

"I'll go in and get them, you wait here—ah-huh, too late."

He stopped as Curtis and Magda came into the hall from the big drawing-room. Curtis moved forward, stockily aggressive. His hands were in his pockets, his eyes on Andy. "Now look here, sergeant . . you've got to . . ."

There was the sound of a key scraping laboriously at the keyhole, turning in the lock, and Martin came slowly into the hall, looking at them in an odd, dazed manner. His face was very white, and he looked as though he were on the point of collapse. His glance moved slowly from one face to the next until he saw Kay.

He went across to her and put his arms round her, dropped his head down on her shoulder, as though he were too weary to go another step, and he found his longed-for resting place. "Kay," he said, "Kay—you came. After everything—you came."

His need was so great, and his exhaustion so apparent, that her hands rose very gently, resting on his shoulders. She said slowly: "I had to, Martin. I felt I had to. Where have you been?"

Andy watched, then quietly slipped away into the big bedroom, returning presently with Kay's things. Martin said, thickly, all the daredevil gaiety drained out of his face: "I've been at the theatre, I—"

"You were soused," said Curtis crudely.

Martin raised his head. His eyes were different, the fear had retreated into the lurking depths of his mind. He said: "Yes, I was. Still, you came, Kay — that was something. In spite of all you said—you don't know what that means to me." he touched her shoulder gently. "One day — when you are trying not to hate me — remember that. You must go now. It's late . . . and you are going away in the morning."

Please turn to page 14

THE Tasma OF TOMORROW IS STILL "IN THE AIR"

Tasma is "on service" with our flying men, keeping them in touch with each other and their bases on the ground. Tasma is "in the air" until victory is won . . . but YOU will enjoy a magnificent new Tasma in the post-war years.

TASMA DETAIL-BUILT RADIO
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Here's a wife who's kept Romance....

She cares for her skin the HOLLYWOOD way

9 out of every 10 Film Stars use LUX TOILET SOAP

A LOVELY FRESH COMPLEXION IS THE GREATEST CHARM A GIRL CAN HAVE. I USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** EVERY DAY. IT LEAVES MY SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... LOOKING RADIANT.

ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Lynn Bari

20th Century Fox star now appearing in "Hello, 'Frisco, Hello"

A LEVER PRODUCT

LT.103.1

Both jumpers have been worn a lot!

but Meg used LUX-

and Pam did not!

GIRLS! YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO USE ANYTHING BUT **LUX** FOR WOOLLIES NOWADAYS. **LUX** IS GENTLE.... GIVES GLORIOUS SUDS THAT GET WOOLLENS CLEAN AND SOFT WITHOUT THE HARD RUBBING THAT "FELTS" AND SHRINKS THEM.

LUX

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Mothers and children first in N.Z. rationing

Egg supply assured for those who need them most, milk plentiful and rich

By JOSEPHINE O'NEILL
who recently returned from New Zealand.

In New Zealand, clothes coupons are good for the duration, and children get an egg ration every week, facts which are more staggering than the beer in the New Zealand parlor, the icing on their cakes and their coupon-free hats.

Every New Zealand child, from the time he is six months old to the time he has his sixth birthday, gets a ration of three eggs a week.

MORE—every New Zealand mother, as soon as a medical certificate proves her pregnant, gets a ration of three eggs a week.

While her baby is coming she also gets a ration of the banned cream, and an extra butter ration if another medical certificate proves this necessary.

This mother's egg ration continues until the child is six months old, when his own ration book takes over.

The ordinary adult, after the children, mothers, and invalids have been supplied, does not come off so well.

The theoretical distribution of one egg per person per grocer per week may turn out to be a duck egg; or no egg at all.

The clothing coupons are there, however, until the end of the war.

With no expiry date to beat, an astonishing number of people still hold their ration books from last year; and many still have clothing coupons from 1942-43.

There is no feverish scramble to buy clothes before the year's end, no seasonal issue of shoddy lines to catch the customer.

In New Zealand the customer can afford to wait.

There are certainly shortages of food and clothing, even of that famous New Zealand honey.

When I goggled over prunes and bacon on the breakfast menus, sardines as a dinner savory, hams and pork fillets in the shops, I was told "they have only just come back."

The sardines and the tinned fruit come out of the Government's war emergency reserve of foodstuffs now being distributed. And every person registered with his grocer for a sugar ration is being allowed one tin of either the fruit or the fish.

The milk, obtainable in unrestricted supply, is so pure and so rich that it looks like cream. Every schoolchild gets half a pint of milk a day and an apple in season.

Yet the basic rationing of food in New Zealand is much the same as ours.

Their tea ration is 2oz. a week. Their sugar ration is 12oz. a week. Their butter (the best butter) is ¾lb. a week.

The meat rationing, which came in only in March of this year, is at first baffling to the outsider.

New Zealand uses the money ration of 1/9 worth of meat a week.

A meat ration card is a large, flimsy sheet of small blue transfers. Every row of transfers represents one week, and every transfer has the money value of 3d.

Restaurant meals

THE housewife, on her 1/9 a week, can buy rump steak at 1/- a pound, stewing steak at 5d. to 7d. a pound, chops at 3d. and 4d. each.

The meals in restaurants are the catch.

For every meal of rationed meat eaten in a restaurant, hotel, or boarding-house the citizen parts up with one of his 3d. coupons—in other words, a day's supply.

The sight of gentlemen frantically diving in all their pockets for their meat coupon, or of ladies daintily cutting it out with a pair of scissors kept in the purse, is familiar in every public eating-place. The waiters collect the coupon with the order.

If, of course, you manage to dine in a hotel which has poultry on the menu—and there is no such thing as austerity meals—you can save up your meat coupons for another meat-lunch midday.

You can also have fish, which is short in the opinion of the inhabitants, but, in the opinion of the visitor, lavish and fresh in supply.

NOT LIKE OLIVER TWIST. This youngster at the Taranaki Street nursery school in Wellington, N.Z., can ask for more. A special ration of three eggs weekly is ensured for him.

MOTHERS and expectant mothers are well catered for under rationing in New Zealand. A special issue of cream and eggs is made.

You can still have toheroa soup, whitebait, and those New Zealand oysters.

The rationed meats have recently extended their list to include mincemeat and such stewing cuts as ox skirts and mutton flaps—seven new couponed varieties in all. Hardest hit by this new ration are the restaurants, and customers who thrived on stews and meat pies.

They have not, however, heard of small helpings.

Looking round for something to crow over, the Australian has to plump straight for the silk stockings.

The first—and only thing—that catches a New Zealander's attention in the trams are the visitor's stockings and shoes. The New Zealand woman can buy only two pairs of fully fashioned stockings a year.

She has a special coupon card for the purpose, and must buy the stockings in the allotted period.

Otherwise, clothes coupons are good for the duration.

For these fully fashioned stockings she must pay up to 10/9 or 11/6—when she can get them.

A large shipment of American rayons recently relieved the shortage.

Otherwise she relies on mock-fashioned stockings (and "mock" is right), which cost one of her clothing coupons and up to 7/11 and 8/11 a pair.

Every woman I met asked me sooner or later where I got my stockings.

The New Zealand women (and men and boys, for that matter) buy their hats coupon-free.

Hats take a negligible amount of material—and add a certain variety to women's dress, the rationing authorities declared.

The shops are full of them.

Trousseau needs

CORSETS and brassieres are rationed—but there is an awesome display of them in the cities.

The New Zealand bride gets a special issue of 78 coupons for household linen—regardless of how much she has on hand already.

Tea-towels cost her half a coupon, pillowcases one coupon, double-bed down quilts seven coupons, bath-towels from half to one coupon, sheets from 3½ to 5½ coupons.

The soldiers have many a generous coupon issue, too.

Next-of-kin of prisoners of war get a quarterly issue of 15 coupons to send their men boiler suits, underwear, shirts, pyjamas, knitted comforts, footwear, towels, wool and handcraft materials.

PRETTY HOP-PICKER at Nelson, N.Z. There is no shortage of beer over there.

The supply of clothing looks ample and the quality of woollens, if not the cut, is superior to ours.

New Zealand has never lowered the standard of its wool cloth, and British tweeds can be bought for up to 79/6 a yard.

Some clothing is certainly in acutely short supply.

Men's pyjamas, shirts, sports-coats, working clothes, woollen bloomers, white socks for children, and cotton goods are extraordinarily difficult to obtain.

Calico for soldiers' parcels is, up to a yard, coupon-free.

Next-of-kin of any servicemen overseas receives 30 coupons a year to send him clothing.

The Army private who gets his commission receives special supplementary coupons for the purchase of officers' equipment.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, Wellington, headquarters of a Government which has successfully handled wartime supply and rationing.

The discharged soldier receives £25 in cash and up to 78 clothing coupons (depending on length of service).

He is also allowed to keep his Service boots and underwear.

Certain slick gentlemen tried to beat the scarcity of men's pyjamas by obtaining those thick industrial overalls, and having them boiled in the family copper until tender.

There is now a strict double-check on the issue of industrial clothing.

The person who can make a trip to the south of the South Island (ordinary pleasure travel is restricted by regulation) finds it a land of plenty.

An executive came back from a recent business trip with steel wool and chocolate biscuits mixed up with his vital documents.

Until very recently grocery items like mustard, household goods like wire mattresses, enamel pots with lids, and nail-polish and brilliantine have been extinct.

Some apparently essential items have not been sighted since the beginning of the war.

The visitor is, however, inclined to take the current plenty and let the years of acute shortages go.

Books and toys

THE country even has mackintoshes on its hangers, wire soap-savers on its shelves, and good leather handbags, with metal frames, tucked underneath its arm.

It has also, most characteristically, a large supply of children's toys, varied and reasonably priced.

Its children's book departments—new and second-hand as well—are an engaging part of the bookshops which stud every block in every city.

The two most patent articles in short supply are chocolates and knitting wool.

Knitting wool was rationed in August, 1943. It was found that in the wool queues, women were waiting, not for themselves or friends, but to buy up for manufacturers of knitted goods. So only 12oz. of wool (4 per special coupon a year) were rationed per person.

Baby wool was rationed, too, and obtainable only on the special maternity ration book coupons (24oz. in all), which prevented any tiny garments being knitted on girl friends' coupons.

On June 1 of this year these wool restrictions were eased. Baby wool may now be bought against any wool coupon. And one clothing coupon may now be used to buy wool as well.

The only street queues to be seen in the cities are outside the chocolate shops.

Queues for cigarettes and beer do not exist.

It is true—though unbelievable—that the stranger can walk cold into any shop, and buy cigarettes (well-known brands), at 10 for 9d. against our 9 for 10d.

It is also true—though even more unbelievable—that bottled beer is on sale all day, and every day, as well as being plentiful in the hotels.

Warm clothing and stockings are essential in a country of sharp winters.

The difference in seasons is emphasised by seeing in a green-grocer's shop a card over a pile of French beans . . . "Hot House: 3/6 a lb."

You can buy a cabbage for 8d., and apples for 3d. a lb.

There is just one food item in which Australia has the edge on New Zealand.

Their coffee is, to the alien palate, appalling.

NEW ZEALAND'S BEAUTY SPOTS are famous as tourist attractions. Now only those who live nearby can see such scenes as this at the foot of the Fox Glacier, for pleasure travel is greatly restricted.

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Editorial

JULY 15, 1944

NEW SCHEME FOR HOUSING

THE Commonwealth Government's scheme for bringing about the subdivision of large houses is a welcome step toward solving the housing problem.

The shortage of homes has become so acute during the past two years that it has begun seriously to undermine Australia's war effort.

It is impossible for war workers to give of their best if they come from homes where several families are crowded into three or four rooms.

Lack of space and light and air and quiet not only undermines physique.

It has a deplorable effect on morale as well.

The Government has several times thrown out hints that people with spare rooms in their homes might be compelled to take lodgers.

That would have been accepted readily had evacuees from a war area been in question.

But the new system of subdivision is voluntary, and it will undoubtedly draw forth a great response.

Now that domestic help is practically a thing of the past, and fewer and fewer women can devote their full time to housework, occupants of large homes often find these a liability rather than an asset.

They will be only too glad to subdivide into flats.

It is essential that these flats be self-contained.

Already lodging-houses and residentials are multiplying at an alarming rate through the crowding of more and more people into existing dwellings.

The new plan for subdivision is only a beginning.

But, limited though it must be, the scheme will save many families from squalor and despair.

ROASTING THE PIG. Boys, somewhere in the North, snapped by S. G. Cowan, Manning River, N.S.W., as they watch their barbecue. Left to right: R. Hamley, Bendigo, Vic., T. Nicholson, Stawell, Vic.; R. J. Bax, Rhodes, N.S.W.; L. Munro, Griffith, N.S.W.; H. Austin, Homebush, N.S.W.; R. Johnson, North Sydney, N.S.W.; R. Matheson, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.; H. Harber, Ballarat, Vic.

ON ISLE OF CAPRI. LAC Roy Carter (right) with two fellow Australians on the Isle of Capri. They are all with the R.A.A.F. in Italy. Photo sent by Mrs. Roy Carter, 20a Walmer Street, Ramsgate, N.S.W.

Soldiers proud of their prize garden

Prize-winning garden in the Queensland A.I.F. Garden Competition is described this week.

The good effect of gardening on refractory characters and the pride of producing such things as cabbages and onions are told by Lieut. R. Hart.

Lieut. Hart, who is somewhere in Northern Queensland, writes to his wife at 20 Burwood Road, Burwood, N.S.W.:

"NO fragrant frangipani, exotic tuberoses, or gorgeous gardenias for us.

"Instead, to provide variety and add zest to our daily fare we grow succulent cabbages, vitamin - bearing onions, health-giving tomatoes, and blushing beetroot.

"If you will beetroot to me I will beetroot to you, was the unblushing pun perpetrated by one of the boys!

"Incidentally, we also grow papaws, no mean feat for men whose leisure is circumscribed, and who are physically weary at the end of the day's exacting routine.

"Perhaps the garden's perfection owes something to the fact that we substituted gardening fatigues for the ordinary punishments inflicted for minor offences.

"One refractory Digger, who previously had given us a good deal of trouble, and whose paybook was showing a fair number of red-ink entries, became mild, tractable, and an exemplary member of our community when condemned to garden fatigue in lieu of the usual C.B. and other methods of reformation.

"Gardening happened to be this chap's hobby.

"A market garden can be safely recommended as a cure for bulging waist-lines and 'spare tyre' figures. The restoration of my schoolboy lines is due almost entirely to the bending exercises imposed by the cultivation of our prize-winning garden.

"The mess funds benefited to the tune of five quid."

W/O. A. W. Petersen, R.A.A.F., in Iceland, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Hayden, 38 Hickford Street, East Brunswick, Vic.:

"THE other day I had a very pleasant surprise in the form of quite a number of parcels from home and among them received one from each of you.

"The things in tins, now that I seem to have settled down in the one spot for some good time to come, will come in very handy.

"As for the other parcel of Melbourne beer, well, words absolutely fail me, and I don't think I could express myself properly. When I cut the string I had no idea at all, and when they lay revealed in all their unbroken glory in front of my eyes I just couldn't understand how they could have travelled about 15,000 miles without harm.

"The other Aussies I have with me reckon it's one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Before I take the lids off them I'm going to take a photo of them to show you and the world that no harm came to them.

"Being a neutral place, there is no rationing of any kind, though prices are pretty steep."

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

F/Sgt. H. D. Stone, with the R.A.A.F. somewhere in England, to Miss Joan Higginbotham, 8 Tucker Street, Ryde N.S.W.:

WELL, if you are wondering why you have not heard from me for a long time, I must first of all inform you that I crashed a Hurricane into the sea at about 220 m.p.h., and after a miraculous escape from death, managed to get in my rubber dinghy, and was eventually picked up by a motor launch.

"Following this, I was in hospital for about a month, and then had three weeks' sick leave, and came back on flying duties about a week ago."

Lieut. M. Evans in New Guinea, to his wife at Coburg, Vic.:

ONE of our patrol men called in from a few miles down the coast and brought his native boy with him. He was a little over five feet, weighed somewhere about 12 stone, and, being all muscle, was aptly nicknamed 'Muscle Bound.'

"He had the thickest hair I've ever seen, and when combed out it was about two feet across.

"When he arrived he wore it all teased out, with his long comb sticking out in front. Tied to the handle was a big red flower.

"It was really the most remarkable 'hair-do' I've ever seen, and, to cap it all, my own chap, who I think was somewhat jealous, remarked, 'Taubada he a Fuzzy Wuzzy; all hair, no brains; him look like brush belongum shave'—meaning that he looked like a giant shaving-brush."

What's on your mind?

Underpaid?

WHAT'S on my mind? Money, or the lack of it. I am a typical example of the working girl of 18 or 19—the overworked, underpaid typist in the outer office, who is handed all the unsavory jobs and expected to grin and bear it on £2/15/- per week.

Let me show you how much is left of my £2/15/- after I've paid my way:

Tax		3	6
Board	1	5	0
Fares and Lunches		12	0
	£2	0	6

That leaves me with 14/6 to clothe and amuse myself.

I would like to see something done about the award wage for girls like myself. We are expected to keep up a decent and smart appearance out of 14/6 per week (and often less). I ask you, how are we to manage it?

—Typist.

Mothercraft

IT should be as compulsory as voting for mothers of young children to attend mothercraft lectures. Those unable to attend should be inundated with pamphlets.

If children's bodies are properly nourished and their minds trained they can face life with a balanced, self-confident outlook. A saner world than the one their parents mismanaged would be the result when they reached the adult stage.

—Mrs. M. Mordaunt.

Montmorency, Vic.

No more gluts

WITH modern machinery man can produce all he needs for his own maintenance in a few hours' work a day, or, to put it another way, under present conditions the worker produces far more than he consumes.

In the past no note was taken of the rate of production as compared with consumption, so goods piled up and markets glutted. Then workers were put off from their jobs and so the purchasing power of the community was still further decreased.

In the future at the first sign of a glut in markets, those in authority must not be afraid to shorten hours or increase the purchasing power of the workers so that the production and consumption may be balanced.

A new world must get rid of economic absurdities of the old.

—Frank McCabe.

20 Louisa St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

READERS are invited to write in this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Song-hit

NO doubt many readers will have heard the song-hit "Mairzy Doats."

Now, why should something which we know to be foolish have such a triumph? I think it's because of the hypnotising effect of ballyhoo.

The song had plenty of advance publicity and then, when the record did arrive here, we were informed that, until the sheet music was also released, we would not hear it.

The result was when it did finally hit the air we turned the wireless up and called the family to "listen to that song all the fuss was about."

Then, because the words were incoherent, we wanted to find out what they meant. In so doing the tune became impressed on our memories.

Thus the conquest of song "plugging" over judgment was completed.

—"Stacey."

East Malvern, Vic.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, July 12: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, July 13 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, July 14: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, July 15: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Foursome."
SUNDAY, July 16 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, July 17: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from Our Boys."
TUESDAY, July 18: "Musical Alphabet."

Lawrence Cecil's Career

Newly appointed production manager for 2GB and Macquarie, Mr. Lawrence H. Cecil, recalls that he gave Bette Davis her first real speaking part.

AT the time, Bette was a programme seller at a theatre in Cape Cod, where Cecil was producing "The Charm School" for a stock company.

After the first day's rehearsal, Bette was word perfect in the first two acts, and had mastered practically all of the third.

Her performance on the opening night after only a week's rehearsal was an outstanding success.

Mr. Cecil, who will be responsible for the quality of all Macquarie productions, has had international experience in acting and producing for the radio and stage.

Connected with radio since 1925, he played Hamlet and Marc Antony in the first full radio versions of the plays.

Since then, he has produced over 1000 plays of all kinds.

Mr. Cecil has seen fourteen of the great stage Hamlets, including Wilson Barrett, H. B. Irving, and Forbes-Robertson.

Of them all, however, he considers the Hamlet of the late John Barrymore by far the greatest.

An Australian Digger of two wars, Mr. Cecil was decorated with the M.C. during the last war.

He volunteered for active service on the day following the outbreak of this war, and was later sent to the Middle East in charge of the A.B.C. Field Unit.

The "Voices from Overseas" scheme of recording messages from servicemen to their families back in Australia was inaugurated by Mr. Cecil.

Mr. Cecil made his return to commercial broadcasting some months ago, when he starred as Dan Sheridan in the Macquarie play "A Yank at Oxford."

FILM GUIDE

★★★ **Bataan.** A sincere and dramatic re-enactment of a last gallant stand following the evacuation of Manilla. As the commanding sergeant, Robert Taylor gives a fine performance, and receives strong support from George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell, and Lloyd Nolan. Acting honors, however, go to newcomer Robert Walker.—St. James; showing.

★★ **Standing Room Only.** War-crowded Washington is background of this escapist comedy. Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray make a charming, romantic pair, and capably handle some snappy dialogue. Roland Young gives fine support.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ **Silver Skates.** Some spectacular ice skating and an excellent musical background combine to make an enjoyable film. Patricia Morison and singer Kenny Baker provide the romance, and Belita displays her skating talent.—Civic; showing.

Hands Across the Border. In spite of the flimsy story, this film has sufficient action to satisfy the Western fans. In addition to Roy Rogers and his gifted horse, you will enjoy the music.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are mixed up in the wrestling game because
SHARPY: A manager, signed Lothar up. He got Mr. Joe, a fight promoter, to pit Lothar against the Champ for a match. But Lothar was kidnapped by
NAILS: A gangster, who bet Sharpy ten thousand that Lothar would not fight. Lothar escaped, injuring his right arm in doing so. He fought the match with one arm, to the distress of Mandrake and Narda. He lost, but crowd applauded him wildly.
NOW READ ON:

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FAMILY BACKGROUND OF COALFIELD T

Miners' homes are founded on loyalty and good housekeeping of their wives

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH
Who has just returned from a visit to the Northern Coalfields of N.S.W.

Australia's attention has been focused for months on the problems of our most contentious industry—the mining industry.

I have just spent several days meeting the miners' most loyal supporters—their wives. This loyalty to their husbands is the most outstanding characteristic of the miners' wives. Next to it comes their loyalty to their neighbors.

A wife may criticise mine stoppages in the home, but to the world she is completely in agreement with her husband.

WIDOWED when her husband was killed in a coal fall last year, Mrs. Hughie Wilson, and her two children, Hughie and Margaret.

SCOTS MINER, John Kellock, his wife and daughter, Louise, a nurse at Kurri Hospital. The Kellocks came to Australia 23 years ago.

THERE is, however, never any argument about stoppages over safety issues or improved conditions.

"A miner's wife is as solid as a rock in times of trouble," said a retired miner.

"Your husband comes home looking worried and says there will be a stoppage to-morrow," said a miner's wife.

"You think of the strip of lino you planned to buy for the front hall next week, but then he tells you a bit more. You realise this is important, and you must support the men. You shrug your shoulders and tell yourself the lino can wait."

But most wives deplore frivolous stoppages.

This loyalty is reflected in the stability of miners' marriages. It has carried them through all the political and industrial conflict round them, and through the depression, which did not end on the coalfields until the war began.

Divorce is practically unknown. Their marriages are a literal interpretation of the marriage vows they have taken in the little churches in the coal towns.

"A miner depends as much on his wife's loyalty at home as he does on his mate's loyalty in the pit," one miner said.

"The husband earns the money, and the wife manages the home. We both have an equal job to do, and we do not mix in places where we are likely to be drawn apart."

Though the history of the coalfields has been marked by bitterness and suspicion, a coal town is a friendly, democratic community.

Illness or trouble brings immediate help from the neighbors, one family's disaster is a disaster for the whole town.

The miner's wife and the manager's wife shop in the same shop; the miner and the manager call each other by their Christian names.

"You don't need to call for help if anything goes wrong," said a mine official's wife. "Your neighbors will take over your kitchen and your children without being asked."

When a miner goes out in the morning his wife never knows whether he will return.

"Your husband may have been a miner for twenty years, but you never lose that feeling of anxiety for him," said one miner's wife.

(In the northern coalfields mine casualties drawing compensation average 10 per cent. throughout the year. Fatalities since the beginning of this year number seventeen.)

Unwavering ambition of miners and their wives is to "get the children out."

Education facilities have improved on the coalfields, but high wages in the mines often lure boys away from continuing their training for a different trade or profession. They have witnessed their parents' struggle to bring them up, and want to start earning as soon as possible.

A miner tells you with thankfulness in his voice, "No, my boy's not in the mines, he is in the railways," or "I got all mine out."

When they "get their children out," though, it often means breaking up the family, as their children's jobs often take them away to other districts.

WHILE her husband works on lodge correspondence, Mrs. Bill Beaney makes a wool rug. They came out from Yorkshire 28 years ago.

ALL ABOA[illegible] ride with [illegible] miner's [illegible] drives [illegible] cart on Sad[illegible]

FATHER OF EIGHT, three of them miners, one in A.I.F., Jo Cousins, miner, retired through chest trouble, is given a cup of tea by only daughter, Iris, who is a nurse at Cessnock Hospital.

—Pictures by JACK CARRUTHERS.

Good housewives

IT causes no embarrassment to a miner's wife if you call on her as early as 9 a.m.

By then her house is tidy, husband and children have left, the washing-up is done, and she may already be starting on a cake for tea.

For the miner's wife is an early riser. Her husband has to be at the mine before 7 a.m., and before he leaves she has to cook his breakfast and prepare his "crib"—usually four large sandwiches.

Between 3 and 4 p.m. he will be home again for his hot dinner.

If her children have to travel far to school, she has to keep their dinners hot for them for an hour or so later.

The family has a light supper about 8.30 p.m., and the household goes to bed usually about 9 p.m.

Shift work complicates the housekeeping schedule. A mine shift-worker may be on the afternoon shift, 3 to midnight, or he may be on the "dog watch," midnight to 8 a.m.

The miner's wife is a capable, "old-fashioned" housewife. She neither drinks nor smokes. Domestic help is practically unknown on the coalfields, so is a miner's wife with a career of her own.

There are no creches and kindergartens, and, in any case, the miners' working hours would not fit in with the working hours of most jobs available to women.

Baths at the pithead have kept some of the coaldust out of the miners' homes, but the miner's wife wages a continual battle against coaldust from the pits and from her own fire.

Early in the afternoon there is a noticeable haze in the coal towns when the housewives stoke up their fires for the 3 o'clock dinner.

Curtains, bedding, cushions need more frequent washing than in city and suburban homes.

In spite of this, the lace curtains in the front windows of every home—whether a small, drab weather-beaten cottage or a brightly painted villa—are always spotless.

Most miners' wives make their own jam and cakes; some even [illegible] their own bread. They make [illegible] own and their children's clothes [illegible] nearly always have some knitti[illegible] hand.

Many sons of mining famili[illegible] in the Services, so the mine [illegible]ers' wives take an active part [illegible] work.

Kurri N.E.S. women equipped [illegible] own post, came second to Sydi[illegible] State-wide competitions, and [illegible] judged champions of the nor[illegible]

When hospitals are short-[illegible] some of the miners' wives give [illegible] hours' work whenever they ca[illegible]

CESSNOCK RED CROSS ra[illegible] £4000 for P.O.W. Fund; cond[illegible] of mine deputies, officials, a[illegible]

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DOWNS

MINERS going home from the pithead at knocking off time in the north.

"PARLIAMENT" is the term these neighbors give to a chat over the fence. Mrs. Maxwell, Evelyn Armstrong, Mrs. Doyle, Mrs. Pickering, and Mavis Shakespeare, and some of the children talking with Mrs. Bill Crook.

...RD for a ...ie Doyle, ...n who ...woman's ...things.

SKIPS of coal coming out of a mine.

...thousands last year, including more than ...a fortnightly stall in main street. Wives ...miners work for Red Cross and buy at stall.

There are two types of homes on the coalfields. Some are bright, modern bungalows surrounded by pleasant gardens—similar to the homes seen in many prosperous suburbs. But many others are drab, unpainted cottages, with bare, barren yards.

The kitchen stove may be a modern, shining, hand-polished coal range framed in tiles, or an open coal grate with a small oven alongside.

Most miners own their own homes. A mining town to its inhabitants is a potential "ghost town," because without subsidiary industries it dies if the coal gives out, but the miner buys his house as a measure of security against hard times.

Whatever the outside of his house looks like, and though sometimes shabby inside, you will see in many of them solid, useful possessions—a good lounge suite, a piano, sometimes a refrigerator.

"The miner works hard for his money, and likes to see something for it while he and his family can use it," one explained to me.

The miners have had a lot of bad luck about their homes though. In the depression years hundreds of them lost their homes, in many cases when only a few more payments remained to be made. Some still pay rent for houses they almost owned.

Others built their homes in the boom years when material and labor were scarce and dear.

Houses which cost £600-£700 to build in 1924 dropped in value to about £250 when war broke out, and are now worth about £300.

The miner's wife shares some housekeeping difficulties with the city woman—queues and long waits during peak shopping hours—but she can still in some places have her groceries and greengroceries delivered.

She buys on a fortnightly credit system. This enables her to adjust her housekeeping expenditure, as her husband's pay varies from week to week.

These three fortnightly pay slips shown to me by one miner give some idea of the variation:—

Earnings:			
Ten days at 29/2, one at 27/11	£15	19	7
Deductions:			
Federal Income tax ..	£2	12	0
Pension		5	0
Fund		5	3
Nett	£12	16	4
Earnings:			
Seven days at 29/2	£10	4	2
Deductions:			
Federal Income tax ..		15	0
Pension		5	0
Fund		5	9
Nett	£8	18	5
Earnings:			
Ten days at 29/2	£14	11	8
Deductions:			
Federal Income tax ..	£2	8	0
Pension		5	0
Fund		7	0
Nett	£11	11	8

This represents an average nett pay over six weeks of £5/11/. It is higher than the average miner's earnings, as this particular miner was a skilled worker receiving slightly higher pay than others.

From the miner's pay is deducted every fortnight 5/ for the pension for which he is eligible at 60, 1/6 hospital fund, 2/- doctor's fund, 6d. ambulance fund.

On some parts of the coalfields the miners, apart from any other war fund gifts, contribute 6d. a month to the Mayor's Patriotic Fund, which is divided in quarters between the Red Cross, Australian Comforts Fund, Medical Aid to Russia, and any other funds requiring help.

We met all types of miners' wives during our visit.

There was bright-eyed Mrs. John Kellock, of Pelaw Main, who stopped in the middle of a busy Saturday morning's work to give us morning tea.

She came out from Scotland as a bride twenty-three years ago, and still retains her warm Scots friendliness. The Kellocks have one daughter, Louise, who is in her third-year training as a nurse at Kurri Hospital.

Then there was fine-looking Jo Cousins, retired miner, and his wife, whom he calls the family's "general manager." They have brought up eight children and have six grandchildren.

A blacksmith's son, Jo was at Maitland Main for sixteen years, Aberdare before that. Three of the boys are miners, one in the A.I.F. engineers, the only daughter, Iris, a nurse at Cessnock Hospital.

Jo was for ten years local government representative for his shire on the Hunter River Water and Sewerage Board. His wife, a miner's daughter, came from Korumburra, Victoria.

Built own house

ONE of the most industrious of the busy women we met was Mrs. Bill Beaney, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, whose husband, Hebburn No. 1 Lodge secretary, went to England when he was two, returned to Australia, when he married Mrs. Beaney, twenty-eight years ago.

They built their own house with their own hands, adding to it through the years, saved up enough money for a trip to England in 1923.

They grow all their own fruit and vegetables, and Mrs. Beaney makes all her own jams and preserves, including candied figs from her own trees. In her spare time she makes wool rugs.

Mrs. Bill Crook, wife of the president of the Northern Miners' Federation, lives in one of the most modest cottages in Kurri.

She came out from England with her parents when she was seventeen, had never seen a coal town or a coal mine until she married Bill Crook and went to live in Kurri at the end of the eighteen months' lock-out in 1929-30—one of the blackest eras on the coalfields.

They have brought up four boys and "got them all out of the mines."

Mrs. Crook said the more she lives among the miners and their families the more she admires them.

Down the street we met stout, cheerful Mrs. Maxwell, mother of eight, and a grandmother. One of her sons, Jim Moore, is a prisoner of war in Germany; another, Tom Maxwell, is an Air Force trainee.

Another neighbor is Mrs. A. Pickering, mother of five, one of them at the pit, another in the 2/1st Pioneers with the A.I.F.

Then there was Evelyn Armstrong, a miner's daughter, whose mother died when she was eleven, and who has kept house for her father since she was thirteen. She is engaged to a soldier from Lithgow.

Her friend, Mavis Shakespeare, is the youngest of the seventeen children of Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Shakespeare, nine of whom are living. Elijah is one of the best-known figures on the coalfields. He will be eighty this year, and recently went grape-picking to supplement the family income.

COMING HOME from the shopping, Mrs. Maxwell, mother of eight, with two of her grandsons, Burnie and John, and her youngest daughter, Elaine.

MINE OFFICIAL'S wife, Mrs. Fred Creswell, working in her garden. She has lived in Cessnock for 22 years.

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Continuing . . . Give Back My Heart

from page 7

MAGDA'S voice was soft as velvet when she spoke, but beneath its softness the steel pricked venomously. "So? This is a very touching scene, Martin. I did not know you could be so dramatic."

"You are bitter when you are frightened, Magda. You should know you have no need to be afraid of me—or of anything I might say. Good-bye, Kay," unexpectedly he bent, and touched her forehead with his lips, "be happy, my dear."

Kay smiled tremulously, then, turning, went quickly to Andy, and they left immediately. He hurried her quickly along the road, surprising her by crossing at the end and hurrying her back on the other side in the direction from which they had come. Opposite Martin's flat he stopped, and drew her into the shadow of a doorway.

She waited breathlessly, and suddenly felt his hand tighten on her arm—Curtis had come down the steps and was hurrying quickly in the direction in which they had appeared to go.

She said, suddenly frightened, "He was following us."

"Yes. Let's walk to your place through the back streets."

"Andy—why did he follow us?" Kay asked when they were inside the building.

"Well, I imagine now they are very anxious to know where Arnheim is in hospital, and pretty anxious not to find out through any regular channel."

She remembered that threatening, bulky figure, those cold, dark eyes, and said quickly: "Andy—I'm frightened! Andy—don't go. Supposing he should come here tonight when I am alone?"

He looked at her for a minute, his lips tightening, and then he said gently: "Very well . . ."

They went up together to her flat, and she opened the front door, and switched on the lights. He looked at her scared white face. It was the first time he had ever seen her really scared.

"It's all right, Kay," he said gently, "I won't leave you. Go to bed—and don't dream of fat little men with goat's eyes."

Her tired eyes smiled her relief. She raised her face. "Good-night, Andy, darling . . ." He bent and kissed her gently, then pushed her through the bedroom door.

When the door had closed behind her he foraged through the flat, found himself a rug and an old tweed coat of Kay's, and settled himself down on the long settee. He had turned out the fire, and watched it fade to darkness. Outside it had started to rain, gently, and the dripping roofs and gutters had a persistent, mournful sound. He drifted into sleep, thinking of Kay, so close, lying with her bright hair about her face, very young and very tired, and Martin, and Martin's tragic downfall, filling her dreams.

. . . . . .

It was Kay's first visit to Devon—toward the end of the journey she looked out of the window and said in amazement: "But the earth really is red!"

"Of course, it's red," said Andy indignantly, "haven't you heard about it?"

"Yes, of course, I have," Kay laughed, "but I thought it was a sort of poet's licence. But it's real, bright rust-red . . ."

"The color of your hair," he said.

She smiled swiftly and looked away, for the compliment was light and lazy, and the cool eyes mocked at her—the words held none of his usual meaning and warmth. Something had gone wrong. Everything had gone wrong.

She had wakened up that morning in the flat and had sat up quickly, aware that there was something different about everything—that to-day held something special.

It took her a minute or two to recollect where she was. The vivid picture of the previous night flooded her memory. She sprang out of bed, slipped on her long house-coat, and ran out into the sitting-room.

Her coat and a blanket were laid neatly over the end, and the long imprint of a body showed in the cushions—but Andy had gone.

There was a note pinned to the pillow.

"Dear Kay,—The bogy men have all gone. Short fat ones, and what you will. Meet you at Waterloo as arranged.—Yours, Andy."

She had stood with the note in her hand, and then had gone slowly back to the bedroom, and sat down on her bed.

For a moment she felt like telephoning Andy at his hotel, and cancelling the whole thing—his curt note was almost a dismissal. But that would be foolish, and this holiday with him in Devonshire was something she could not give up now. She wanted to go.

When Andy arrived at Waterloo she was there waiting under the clock. He came up to her through the crowds and said "Good girl," grabbed her bag, and they were struggling toward the train.

It was packed, as all wartime trains are packed. Conversation was impossible. Kay tried to read, enviously watched Andy fall asleep as easily as a cat stretching itself out on a hearthrug, and closed her eyes, trying unsuccessfully to imitate him.

She looked up and met Andy's eyes, found him looking at her with that warm look, that dear look that always comforted her.

He said: "We're nearly home, Kay."

She looked out. They were nearing a town, spilling its red and grey roofs down the slopes of a valley. A wide shallow stream wound through the fields and under old grey bridges. Foliage was breaking into shrill spring leaf, and may, that up on the wolds had barely shown a bud, was breaking into pink and white foam about the pastures and ploughed lands. Over it all, grey and tall and lovely, soared the delicate towers of a great cathedral.

She said, "Oh!" in a small voice—as though the whole of the West Country had suddenly enveloped her in its rich, velvet lusciousness. She knew then that Andy must really have roots here, going far, far back into the years. There was something about the depth and richness of his personality that sprang from the depth and richness of this countryside.

He was gentle and generous, and this town and its surroundings were gentle and generous. There was something here, just as there was some quality in him to which she could not put a name, which soothed her frightened heart. Something, in spite of the queer unspoken breach between them, that made the fact that this was his home, and he had said, "We're nearly home," very precious and wonderful.

The train drew into a big station, and they collected their luggage and scrambled out into the sunshine. Most of the people leaving the train were Service people on leave, and all about them were greetings and embracings, and the soft, burring dialect, with its double a's and slowly rolled r's.

A tall girl in a white dress, a tall dark girl, vaguely familiar, stood by the barrier eagerly searching the faces of the people coming toward her. In her arms a rough white terrier shivered and yapped with excitement. Andy waved and shouted, and ran up to her, dropped his kit, and took her in his arms.

Kay followed slowly, and he turned and took her hand, drawing her toward them.

Kay recognised the girl she had seen Andy with that first night at the theatre. "Why, it's Aunt Ermentrude," she said blankly, and they were all laughing.

"I'm sorry, Kay—that idiotic old joke. Actually it's my sister, Mrs. Trelawney. You may call her Gerda, though—it's easier. And this is Robber—and, everybody, at long last—this is Kay."

The dog leaped at Andy in ecstatic welcome, and Gerda Trelawney held out a cordial hand. She was very like Andy. She said, smiling: "I'm so glad you could come. He's written so much about you, and so often."

They went out of the station into an old grey square of Georgian houses. An old man was selling papers, and Andy bought one, exchanging a few familiar words with him, while Gerda went to fetch the pony and trap that a small boy was minding for her, turned it, and brought it up to the station entrance.

The brown pony fretted daintily with its hoofs on the stones while they put their bags aboard and climbed in. It was obviously not keen on stations or trains. For Kay it was an entirely new experience to go clopping through the old town, its grey old buildings here and there scarred with bomb damage, for even in this cathedral quiet the touch of war was not unknown.

It was a long drive, a long, leisurely drive—a road that as it wound its way through gentle valleys caught glimpses of distant moors, and once, surprisingly near, a gleam of blue sea—it was so peaceful one wished it might go on for ever. A dreamy calm settled over Kay as she sat, listening to Andy and his sister talk, learning things about them she had not known before.

That they had no parents, that the farm was Andy's own, and his chief livelihood—music was his hobby and his passion, and had proved a lucrative one. His sister was living there with her two children, and running it for him while her husband was in the Middle East.

They braked, and went creeping down a steep road into a lushly wooded valley with a broad, shallow stream meandering through the green meadows. On the near side was a village, and to the right the hills curved away to show a broad gleam of the sea.

Andy's voice was suddenly husky as he said: "There's the house, Kay—over the bridge to the right—the house among the fields." She could not know how much he wanted her to see it, and how much he hoped she would love it. It was an old farmhouse, creamy white, low and half-thatched, standing in smooth lawns and old walled gardens.

Gerda said practically: "It's the original old farmhouse, but father built new farm buildings away from the house. The Maynes have never shared the nineteenth century enthusiasm for living on top of a farmyard. You can see the cowhouses away beyond, just through the trees."

"IT'S beautiful," said Kay, and her voice made Andy want to reach out his hand and take hers. He glanced at her, but her eyes were fixed on the valley below with a rapt, expectant excitement—making him see her as she must have been when she was a little girl looking forward to some treat.

They came down to the level of the village, and Gerda touched the pony up into a useful trot. As they went through the sleepy High Street with its cobbled pavements, its little steps up and down to the shop levels, a clear runnel of water pouring along the gutter down to the river, a car hooted behind them, and as Gerda drew in it shot past at speed, and disappeared over the bridge ahead in a cloud of dust.

"Someone for Cliff Top Hotel," said Gerda. "At least, I expect it is. We don't get many visitors now, especially so early in the year. That's Drury's car—he's going at a lick. His passenger must be in a hurry."

Kay shivered. The figure of the man who had sat in the rear seat of the hired car had been ominously familiar. His face had been turned away as the car had passed, but the shape of the head and the way the over-tailored shoulders had been hunched up reminded her forcibly of Martin's enigmatic stage manager, Curtis.

She leaned forward to speak to Andy, but was arrested by the expression on his face. He handed her the evening paper he had bought, pointing silently to a small paragraph, glancing warningly at the back of Gerda's unconscious head, and motioning Kay to silence.

Kay read it quickly. A man had been found dead in a fashionable part of London. He had been wearing the uniform of a major in the British Army, but there had been nothing on him to prove his identity. His injuries suggested a motor accident in the blackout.

The pony trap stopped beside the old stone wall outside the house. From the front porch a boy of seven came whooping with welcome to the gate, with a baby toddling sturdily after him.

"My sons," said Gerda, getting down.

As she went forward to pick up the baby, Kay's glance questioned Andy. As he took their luggage out, he said: "I wondered why he didn't show up afterwards. I thought he'd wait to see what we had found. It's getting dangerous, Kay."

"You don't think that Magda—that Curtis——?" Kay faltered, horrified.

"I don't think he was run over in the blackout," said Andy grimly, "though apart from the fact we know he was sober, there's plenty of evidence that he left the flat much the worse for wear."

She said protestingly: "But that would be murder!"

Kay was glad to escape to her own room just before supper. During her enthusiastic welcome, and her conducted tour by Gerda's little boy all over the house and farm, the thought of the dead man had haunted her. All her pleasure at the mellow beauty of the old place and in their pleasant simple acceptance of her was marred and spoiled.

She was relieved when, an hour after the baby had been carried off to the nursery, Gerda came and took John away from this new aunt who was obviously going to be the perfect audience for an informative seven-year-old. She had been shown the new calves, and the milking shed, and had the milking and collecting system explained to her with a great air of importance.

She had an hour before dinner, and was grateful to be by herself, to try to think this thing out. She was no actress, and to keep up an unperturbed front before Gerda's smiling cheerfulness, and the little boy's chatter, had been an effort.

She sat in the deep chintz-covered window seat, and looked out across the fields. The evening was soft and lovely, everything wearing its new May green, and the great beech trees beyond the pastures swept their shrill young leaves almost to the ground.

Immediately below the window was a formal walled garden, with stone walks and golden-red wallflowers in bloom—rose beds with the bushes already green with leaf and bud. Wistaria spread its purple mist over the old walls, and there was a thatched ornamental dovecote. The white-winged birds with their little coral feet wheeled in the golden sunshine, or clustered on the roof of their house, cooing and kissing and preening their wings.

It was so exquisitely peaceful, a remote and lovely place. In London a man she had met and spoken to for the first time lay dead—and it was perhaps because of her, because she knew too much, that he had met his death.

Of course, it was possible that he had been knocked down in the blackout—people often were. Every night the police announcements asked for particulars and evidence regarding such accidents. But Kay was convinced it was not so.

Major Jack—Magda had called him. That was all they knew of him. Now he was dead. Curtis had followed him down the street.

Please turn to page 20

Animal Antics

"Captured by fly-paper! I'll never live it down!"

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

OPPORTUNITIES and increased happiness should be the lot of many people during the coming seven days, especially those born under the signs Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces. Many Taurians and Virgoans should benefit, too.

They should plan well ahead and work with confidence during their best days.

Librans and Arians should try to avoid difficulties, discord, and upsets of all kinds.

Capricornians must guard against needless partings, quarrels, changes, demotions, losses, and other troubles by being careful and patient, especially on their adverse days.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Not really adverse—just now, but rashness can lead to needless trouble, obstacles, and worries, especially on July 13 near 2 p.m. July 12 tricky, July 18 (afternoon) adverse.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Speed work on urgent matters on July 15, especially afternoon and late evening hours. July 14 (after 10 a.m.) fair. July 11 good, especially near sunrise and sunset. July 18 (morning and evening) good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): July 12 (dawn to 4 p.m.) good. July 16 (near dawn and sunset) fair. July 17 may bring pleasant surprises. July 18 (to 8 a.m.) helpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Plan well ahead and keep busy seeking desired goals and changes now. July 11 good. July 14 (to 10 a.m.) poor; rest of day fair. July 15 (to 10 p.m.) very good. July 16 (dawn and sunset hours) good. July 17 helpful. July 18 (to 1 p.m.) very good.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): July 12 (to 4 p.m.) fair. July 13 (morning and afternoon) poor. July 14 (morning) poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): July 14 (sunrise and morning hours) poor; afternoon good. July 15 (afternoon and evening) good, but beware near midnight. July 16 (5 p.m. to 7 p.m.) fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Beware pitfalls, worries, discord, and rashness now, especially afternoon hours of July 17 and 18. July 12 poor.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Seek improvement, gaiety, and changes now. July 11 good, especially near sunrise and sunset, so utilise fully. July 13 (after 4 p.m.) very fair. July 14 fair. July 17 (morning) helpful.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): July 12 (after 3 p.m.) fair, July 13 (afternoon) poor; evening good. July 16 tricky.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Beware pitfalls, losses, partings, indiscretions, and enforced changes now, especially on July 12. July 13 adverse. July 15 (afternoon hours) adverse. July 14 and 16 tricky. Routine work best now.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Unspectacular days for most Aquarians. July 14 (dawn to noon) poor. July 16 (near dusk) may be favorable for urgent affairs. July 17 and 18 better.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Keep busy now. Seek gains, changes and advancement. July 11 (near sunrise and sundown) good; rest of day fair. July 14 (after 11 a.m.) fair. July 15 (to 11 a.m.) good. July 18 (evening) good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Sweater and SKIRT! Isn't that scandalous. Mopsy will do anything to attract attention."

Fashion PATTERNS

F1755 F6635 F1796

F1796.—Trim striped suit. Note heart-shaped pocket, hip treatment. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2¼ yds., 54in. wide, or 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1755.—Smart, cleverly cut frock. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F6635.—Simple but charming frock for the smart matron. Sizes 38 to 44-inch bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page.

F1948

F1948. — Snappy slack suit. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2½yds., 54 in. wide, for slacks; 2½yds., 36 in. wide, for jacket. Pattern, 1/10.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"AIMEE"

Dainty Nightgown in Satin

This trousseau - like nightgown is fashioned from a delightful satin in pastel tonings of pink or blue, also white.

It shows a sweetheart neckline, outlined with a bouillon trim; uplift brassiere top; short, puffed sleeves also trimmed with bouillon. The skirt dips to a shaped waistline, and fullness is introduced at the centre front. Waistline nipped in with a tie-belt coming from each side and tying at the back in a bow.

Ready to Wear.—32 and 34-inch bust, £2/6/6 (11 coupons); sizes 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, £2/12/11 (11 coupons). Plus 1/9½ postage.

Cut Out Only.—32 and 34-inch bust, £1/16/11 (14 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, £1/19/6 (14 coupons). Plus 1/9½ postage.

How to obtain "AIMEE": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3488RR, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip, and bust measurements.

F5925 F6695

F5925.— Edge-to-edge coat, very dressy with its contrast borders and pocket finishings. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2¼ yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F6695.—Neat shirtmaker frock. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

1 2 3

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

TRIO OF PYJAMA STYLES

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Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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Needlework Notions

488

FROCK FOR BABY

This adorable little frock comes to you with the pattern traced clearly on good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in white only. It is all ready to cut out, embroider, and stitch together.

The design shows a sweetly shaped high bodice, stamped with a dainty embroidery design for working; short, puffed sleeves, and a full skirt.

Size infants, 12/11 (7 coupons); 6 to 12 months, 14/11 (8 coupons). Plus 4½d. postage.

When ordering please ask for No. 488.

489

DAINTY SCANTIES

With the pattern traced on a lingerie satin in shades of pink or blue, also white, these dainty scanties are available all ready to cut out, stitch together, and embroider.

They feature a shaped waistband, gaily embroidered, and slimming, panel legs.

Size 36, 38, and 40-inch hips, 10/11 (4 coupons). Plus 4½d. postage. Please ask for No. 489.

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LOVELY BRIDE. Flight-Lieut. Courtney (Bing) Whitelaw, R.A.A.F., and bride, formerly Judy Hogg, leaving St. Mark's Church. Couple honeymoon at Bowral, and return this week to flat at Double Bay.

DINING IN TOWN. Major Edward Chauvel, Indian Army, and Mrs. Chauvel dine at Prince's when they return from their honeymoon spent at Moss Vale. Mrs. Chauvel was formerly Mrs. Margaret Moore.

On and Off Duty.

CAN you supply half-a-dozen mounted antler heads? This is just one of the many strange requests received by the Lord Mayor's Jumble Depot.

President of depot, Mrs. Una McDonald, tells me fund doesn't divulge names of customers or donors.

"We just endeavour to meet all requests for goods however odd or impossible they may seem to be," she adds.

Depot celebrated its fourth birthday recently with announcement that £24,000 had been handed to A.C.F. since it began.

• • •

INTERESTING programme of activities planned by Women's Air Training Corps to celebrate corps' fifth anniversary this week. Highlight of week's events will be hobbies and handicrafts exhibition to be held this Thursday night, and this Friday, day and evening, at W.A.T.C. club rooms, 221 George Street.

Val Morgan, State Commandant of W.A.T.C., tells me celebrations will be held throughout Commonwealth.

"We are encouraging all members to enter exhibits, to promote interest in hobbies and their handicrafts," she adds.

• • •

BELIEVE British High Commissioner, Sir Ronald Cross, and Lady Cross have taken flat at Point Piper for few months. Great interest by fellow motorists in Sir Ronald's number-plate — H.C.-U.K. (High Commissioner-United Kingdom)—as he travels to and from Point Piper.

PROUD moment for ten-year-old Anne Norman, of Coogee, when she presents cheque for £1000 to Dr. Tuan, Chinese Consul-General, for Chinese Children's Relief Fund on behalf of Public Schools' War Service Auxiliary, at Federation House. Anne collected more than £19 herself for fund, which entitled her, as one of the largest individual donors, to take part in presentation of cheques. When introduced by Lord Mayor, Alderman R. J. Bartley, to Dr. Tuan as "Annie," Anne hastily corrects him: "Pardon me, my Lord Mayor, my name is Anne."

• • •

INTERESTING guests attend party given by Mrs. Violet Inglis at Fred Leist's studio to form women's auxiliary of Royal Art Society. Auxiliary's task will be to promote interest in exhibitions. Plan social functions—proceeds to be devoted to war funds or charity—which will introduce Art lovers to artists and their work.

COUNTRY and interstate interest when AC1 Colin Bradford, R.A.A.F., of Melbourne, marries Beth Brennan, of Moonaree, Mullaley, near Gunnedah, at St. Mary's Cathedral. Bridegroom's sister, Third Officer Lorna Bradford, W.R.A.N.S., present at ceremony as bridesmaid.

LOTS of amusement at farewell party for Reg Lane at Usher's Blue Room, when staff of 2GB send along packing-case filled with amusing bon-voyage gifts for Reg, who leaves for America soon. Hosts at party include John Horner, Sep Rowe, and Stan Crick. Mrs. Crick tells me daughter Shirley has been chosen by American Centre as their candidate in "Miss Sydney" competition for Anzac House.

As Shirley's fiance, Lieut. Roger Wotton, A.I.F., has long leave, he and Shirley are staying at property of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Wotton, at "Ricka Verra," Ardlethan.

ART ENTHUSIASTS. Mrs. A. Robitchek, with Sergeant Peter Rhodes, R.A.F., looking at six pictures painted by Sergeant Rhodes since he has been in Australia on loan to R.A.A.F. Pictures are displayed at Contemporary Art Society's Show at Education Galleries.

INFORMAL atmosphere at party given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGrath to celebrate engagement of their daughter, Julee-Helen McGrath, to Lieut. Barry Lyle, A.I.F. Barry unable to be present at party as he has returned to northern battle station. He and Julee-Helen plan wedding at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay, when he comes on leave again.

Joyce

Interesting People

AIR-COMMODORE F. BLADIN

. . . helped plan D-Day

AUSTRALIAN who had leading part in planning airborne landings in invasion of Europe is Air-Commodore Francis Bladin, C.B.E., of Victoria, now senior air staff officer of Britain's main airborne unit, and one of organisers of glider forces. Graduate, Duntroon College, he joined Australian Air Force in 1923. On outbreak of war was appointed Director of Operations and Intelligence, R.A.A.F. headquarters. Was Air Officer commanding at Darwin during first Japanese air attacks.

MRS. F. HUMMERSTON

. . . problems of mothers

CHAIRMAN of Women's Australian National Services in Western Australia, Mrs. Florence Hummerston, who recently travelled from Perth to attend W.A.N.S. conference in Sydney, is largely responsible for two main activities organised by W.A.N.S. in her State—emergency housekeeper service in the home for mothers in hospital, and boarding house for children of sick mothers. Last year Service helped 170 homes.

CAPTAIN L. J. MOONEY

. . . Red Cross information.

RECENTLY appointed national director of publicity for Australian Red Cross, Captain Leo J. Mooney, of Melbourne, has big administrative job of gathering and distributing to State branches information on Red Cross work here and abroad, and providing material for publicity on Australian Red Cross activities. Served in Army and Air Force in last war.

RED CROSS FAREWELL TO LADY GOWRIE. Lady Wakehurst (left) with Lady Gowrie, Mrs. Penfold Hyland (president of Red Cross Day), Mrs. George Mack, representing country Red Cross branches, Mr. A. L. Blythe, acting-chairman of N.S.W. Division, at farewell party held at Government House.

THRIFT SHOP. Lady Kater, hon. organiser of Red Cross Thrift Shop, Mrs. Victor White, and Mrs. Ernest Schiff, who is in charge of Thrift Shop each Friday, with some of the goods which have been donated for sale. More than £300 was taken on opening day. Committee want gifts of all kinds to stock shop.

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Restoring a jaded wardrobe

● Shoulder and skirt seams are the first to show signs of age, but here is a perfect remedy for such a tragedy. Let in contrasting bands round the sleeves, and two pieces with pouch pockets down the front of the skirt. With this added width you can take in new seams.

● Alter a pastel wool frock by adding two contrasting pastels in spiral bands across the front. With the sleeve you cut out, make a flattering, high, turned-over collar.

● Revive a tired old frock with a brand-new front — this one is just a deep triangle, slit down the front, with revers turned back. Add an appliqued band and bow of the dress material, made from the piece you have cut away, and there you have a smart new frock.

● If one of your favorite dresses has shrunk in the wash, don't despair. Two long bars of contrasting material let into the bodice and skirt, back and front, will add the necessary width, and inset pieces each side of the belt will make it long enough. Best of all you will find it more attractive than ever before.

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Time Stood Still

Continued from page 3

BEYOND the brick path at the side was a tangle of currant and gooseberry bushes, ending in a hedge. Just inside the hedge was an enormous cherry tree laden with fruit.

A rustling in the tree made him look up. Against the trunk was a ladder, and on it a girl in blue overalls was standing, picking cherries.

He drifted through the currant bushes towards the tree, and watched her for a minute. She was trying for a bunch out of reach. Involuntarily he spoke:

"Climb higher. You'll have to get up on the next rung."

She started, and looked down at him over her shoulder, holding on to a bough with both hands.

"I can't," she said. "I don't like going any higher."

He put a hand on the ladder.

"You'd better come down and let me do that for you," he said gaily.

Warily she obeyed, and stood beside him in unmistakable relief. It flashed to him suddenly on a wave of pleasure that this girl and he were distant cousins.

"Well, that's one of my failures," she said, looking balefully up at the tree. "And Margaret's clamoring for cherries for jam and bottling."

"Why worry? You don't have many failures. You're doing a swell job running this place for your brother Edward while he's away at the war, and you barely twenty-three, with only old Dick to help and ——"

"Hey! Where've you been reading my biography? I didn't know I was in 'Who's Who.'"

"I've been taking tea in your kitchen. I was just having a look round, and your old servant asked me in. I'm Simon Shore, Australian Air Force, forty-eight hours' leave and getting acquainted with Sussex; twenty-five, domesticated and respectable."

"I hope Margaret fed you adequately?" She smiled up at him.

The glance between them didn't last long, but there was something in it that made her look quickly back to the tree again with a flicker of her long lashes.

"Well, what about these cherries?" she asked.

"I'm ready." He reached for her basket.

"The only thing is—your uniform. If you wouldn't mind—if you really do mean to do the tree for me—there's a suit of my brother's overalls on a peg in the barn——"

For the rest of that day something happened to time for Simon. The strangeness of everything lengthened each hour into a separate period, complete and perfect.

After he had picked the cherries he helped her cart hay to the byre, and hoe the long rows of beans in the field on top of the hill.

But it wasn't till late afternoon, when he was cutting wood in the thicket while she stacked the bundles, that Simon knew he loved Anna with a feeling different from anything he had ever experienced before. Everything else in his life had been leading up to this. All the odd circumstances of his coming here—his mistake about his origin, and finding the farm where she was—all was like a pattern which he had traced out unknowing but unerringly.

And because time was doing odd things with him now, he knew he had to tell her before his leave ended. It was late afternoon when they stopped for a spell. Anna brought out a jug of cider and some cakes, and they sat down in the shade of the hedge.

Lying in the grass beside her, Simon suddenly felt part of the earth itself. He was filled with a tingling delight that everything should be as it was; that he should be part of this farm, this family. How could he ever have thought that there was anything better? Here in this place time seemed to have stood still. People just like himself had moved through the centuries.

He sat up, took her hands in his.

"Anna, I love you. I've always loved you, always been looking for you. I came here to-day to find you. I thought I was looking for a house . . . I was really looking for you."

"Simon—no, you're mad! How can it be—so soon?"

He drew her to him.

"It isn't soon—it doesn't seem that way to me. It doesn't seem that way to you, either. You know it doesn't," he said.

"But it doesn't make sense," she said in a startled voice. "A few hours ago I didn't know you existed, you didn't know I did. We can't fall in love that way."

"Oh yes, we can. That's the only way we can fall in love. And we've got to admit it now, because we haven't got much time. I'm leaving here to-night. You've got to tell me you love me and that I haven't made a mistake. Oh, Anna, Anna——"

But no, that wasn't her way—not sensation over sanity—not yet. So at last he found himself telling her what he had meant to keep till the end.

"Listen, Anna, I'm not a stranger. I've got as much right to be here as you have—almost."

She stared up at him.

"What do you mean?"

"A long time ago an ancestor of my mother's set out from England for Australia . . ."

"Well?" she said, as he paused.

"From this very farm, from your family."

"My family?"

"Yes; his name was Simon, like mine. I came down here to-day knowing that but not knowing quite where."

She came closer, she caught his hand, she looked at him differently.

"Oh, Simon, how wonderful! Then we're not strangers at all. We're—that makes us kind of relations?"

"Wait a bit—not the kind of relations the prayer-book says mustn't marry. Only what the Scotch call forty-second cousins."

"Marry?" she whispered.

"Why, yes, sweetheart, that's what it's got to be. You're going to marry me. Anna, darling, I love you. You're so lovely, so unbelievably sweet——"

A sigh passed through her. She closed her eyes, believing, accepting. Just that small excuse to love him—it was enough.

With the warm golden air singing round them he put his mouth to hers, and all thought was drowned in their kiss.

There were still hours to be spent together before he need leave—a long summer dusk, and dinner in the cool dining-room of the farmhouse.

But first he was going to take the cream for her up to the manor house. He took it from her at the door of the dairy and set off across the fields.

Left alone, Anna crossed the yard and went into the barn. On a peg behind the door his uniform was hanging. She took it down and carried it into the house. As she laid it on a chair in the hall, something heavy fell out of a pocket and spilled with a clatter at her feet. She stooped, and a flush spread over her face.

There on the floor were six familiar teaspoons. For a long time she knelt there, her face now cold and strangely pale.

Meanwhile Simon was hurrying along the path that skirted the park of Rother Hall.

He handed over his can and hurried back across the fields. Back to Anna! When he reached the farm she was in the dining-room, standing by the table. He went forward to take her in his arms. But she drew back.

"I'm sorry about dinner," she said coldly, "but I'm afraid I'm rather tired."

The eagerness died out of his face at the strange look of her.

"Anna? Why, darling, what's wrong, is anything the matter?"

"Oh, no. It's just that I think it would be better if you didn't wait for dinner. Thank you very much for your help. Your uniform's in the hall. I brought it in."

Simon stared at her pale face. What had happened in the brief while he had been away?"

"That won't do," he said, his voice sounding oddly harsh. "What have I done? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"I'd rather we didn't go into it, please."

"Not go into it? Are you crazy?"

"Not at all. It's just that I'm rather inclined to take to people one moment—I think I like them—and then find I don't."

There was a hostile pause between them.

"Well—" he said at last, "well, I guess that about says everything. That about washes us up, doesn't it?"

He turned sharply and went to the door. "I suppose," he said, pausing there, "I suppose you wouldn't be fair enough to tell me just where I went wrong?"

Her eyes stabbed him.

"I hate people who tell lies."

"Anna, what are you talking about?"

"You told me that—about the tie of blood between us—to get my sympathy, to make me feel safe with you? Isn't that so?"

"Yes, I did. But what of that?"

"And it wasn't true."

"It was true. It is—look, I can prove it to you—the way I found out. I've got six spoons in my pocket. I'll get them——"

"Don't bother. I saw them. They fell out when I put your tunic down."

He was staring, bewildered.

"Well? That ancestor took them away from here."

"You mean he took them from Rother Hall."

"No, no, darling." He came back and stood closer to her. "That's what I thought at first. But when I saw the same spoons in your kitchen, this morning, and when Margaret told me their name up there is Rotherhurst— My ancestor's name was Marvell."

"Oh, Simon," she said, with a look of dawning bewilderment, "don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"Lord Rotherhurst's family name is Marvell. He was only made a baron in the last war."

"But wait a minute. Your spoons ——"

"Oh, those? They haven't been in our family more than fifty years. Lord Rotherhurst's father gave them to my grandfather—a present on some occasion or other."

"Then my old boy," he said slowly, "really did come from up there after all?"

"Yes. You're Lord Rotherhurst's forty-second cousin, not mine."

But he wasn't listening now to what she was saying. His childish dreams of noble blood, his background or hers—none of these mattered any more, because the softness had come back into her eyes and she was in his arms again.

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... you'll have time once again for all the feminine things that belong to your way of life. Time to try the many new make-up innovations which Max Factor Hollywood will have in store for you. And it will be a thrilling experience, too. For when that day comes ... the smartest new fashions in make-up ... the most exciting new aids to glamor will be Max Factor Hollywood "Cosmetics of the Stars" — tomorrow's Color Harmony Make-up that will transform you into a lovely vision of irresistible beauty. Meantime ... from now to Victory ... we suggest that you use your make-up sparingly ... buy only what you actually need.

Max Factor

HOLLYWOOD ★ LONDON

REPRESENTATIVES FOR AUSTRALIA:
FRED C. JAMES & GEO. H. ANDERSON

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Movie World

● *MARJORIE REYNOLDS, piquant Paramount star, was formerly a Western heroine, and has made over thirty-five cowboy films. In "Holiday Inn" she was hailed as an important singing and dancing discovery. Marjorie recently went on an entertainment tour of Alaska, and as soon as she returned left for an America-wide bond-selling tour. You will see her next in the film version of Graham Greene's recently published thriller, "Ministry of Fear," in which she co-stars with Ray Milland.*

VICTORY Belongs to Her

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND CERTIFICATES!

LAXETTES, chocolate laxative squares, are gentle in action and are especially suited to the needs of children and nursing Mothers. LAXETTES, the laxative that kiddies like, have no underlying taste of medicine and can be given at any time a laxative is required. The ideal time, however, to give LAXETTES, is just before the kiddies go to bed.

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"COUNTER-ATTACK"

this Winter!

FORTIFY kiddies, and grown-ups, too, against Winter colds and chills by promoting internal warmth with SAUNDERS' MALT & VITAMINISED OIL. Rich in Vitamins A, B, and D, this great body-builder is easy to take, and makes an ideal supplement to present-day diet, so often lacking in vital nourishment.

Saunders' MALT & VITAMINISED OIL

AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE

What Else Could I Do?

Continued from page 5

"I WAS in the same bus as your wife," John explained. "It broke down. She very kindly brought me here to telephone for a taxi to take me to Apswood Manor. We couldn't get hold of one. Unfortunately, I have a leg that isn't much use to me at present, so Mrs. Lancaster was kind enough to say that I might wait here for the first bus. I appreciate her kindness and her hospitality. I'm afraid," he added, "if you didn't get this over the phone, it must all have looked rather odd when you came in."

"As a matter of fact it did," said the burglar.

I was watching him with fascinated interest. I simply didn't know what to do. I could have shouted a warning to John, told him this man wasn't my husband, but then he would probably have gone for him, and he might smash up that leg of his altogether. Then I saw that Light-Fingered Cedric, or whatever his name was, was considering this possibility too. He was looking at John meditatively, planning a thing or two. Then he smiled.

"I am delighted to see you here, Mr. Holdsworthy," he said. "Proud and happy to offer you the hospitality of my home. I was taken aback at first, I admit, but now that you have explained, I quite understand the circumstances. Well, I'll be getting on, I think. I can't stay after all. I'm sorry about your leg. Very incapacitating, isn't it?"

"Unfortunately," said John. "You mean, you're not staying to see your wife? Won't she be disappointed?"

"We've not been married quite as recently as that," the burglar said. And now he was moving the sideboard.

"Why are you doing that?" asked John sharply.

"Safe behind it. Want some papers for the C.O. That's what I came for."

The fiend was actually taking the key from the nail behind the sideboard where we always hung it. It turned out afterwards that he'd got all his information from a "daily" who had been working for us, and for the Firths and the Dunlops too. What do I do now?—I wondered frantically. Just what do I do? I had just decided that I'd have to tackle him myself, when John reached the same conclusion. He said later that the mention of papers struck him as phony, and he knew they weren't kept in flat jewel cases.

"No you don't," cried John. "Papers be hanged. That's jewellery. I might have known that she wasn't married."

And then he sprang to his feet and made a movement toward him. And then once more that leg let him down. And he found himself looking into the barrel of a revolver.

"Any noise, and I fire," said the burglar, in a very different voice.

He was slipping the case into his pocket, holding the revolver pointed at John as he began to back toward the door. He didn't know I was there. Then I had an idea. It was that big coat of Daddy's that still hung in the hall ready for when he comes home on leave, that gave me my inspiration. I tugged it down, and, as the burglar backed toward me, I flung it over his head—right over it. There he was, enveloped in it, coughing, kicking, and struggling.

"Good for you, Elf," cried John.

Then I flung all the coats I could find on the man. Now John had his chance. For, if his legs were gammy, his arms were very much okay. They caught the burglar by the knees, and there he was, down flat, and there was John on top of him, sitting on him.

"Phone for the police—quick," he panted.

. . . . . .

The police came very quickly. And weren't they tickled to death to see the burglar? They recognised him at once. They had been wanting him for months. They were really nice to John and me. They offered him a lift to Apswood Manor in a police car. But he wasn't having any.

"No use waking the Grahames up at this time of night," he said. "I'll catch the first bus as arranged. Besides," he added, "I'm hungry."

We sat at the table after the police had gone and we ate. I don't know whether that meal was supper or breakfast, but it began in the dark and ended with all the birds in the world singing. And John was just as nice as I'd thought on the bus. And he told me how he had crashed—shot down over the "drink," and just managed to reach the shore before he had bailed out.

He told me on our way to the bus. We didn't go by the stile this time, but a longer way. Everything looked spring-cleaned that morning, and everything seemed so pleased with itself.

I mentioned these facts to John.

"It must be the result of a good square meal," I said.

"I don't think it was the meal," said John.

And again he was looking at me so queerly, oh, so queerly. And I was blushing. And suddenly everything was in a golden mist. He couldn't mean — oh, he couldn't—things like that simply didn't happen to me. And then we saw the bus, and he was saying good-bye to me, and he was holding my hand a long time. And then I, too, knew that it was not the square meal, nor this up-with-the-lark business.

"I'll see you again?" I said breathlessly.

"Of course, you'll see me again," said John. "Do you suppose that I shan't come back—when I've found something that I've been looking for—at last?"

And though there were lots of people about, and though they were all looking at him, with him having wings and everything, he bent. I felt his lips on my cheek.

. . . . . .

He rang up this morning. He wants to come to-day. He wants to see Mum. He said he wanted her to have a look at him. Thank goodness she's back. Thank goodness it was just a false alarm with granny. And he asked when he could come, so I suggested teatime to-day. And he said that was just what he would like.

Well, what else could I do? Oh, darling, darling, what else could I want to do?

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CLEAR STUFFY NOSE IN SECONDS

Why go on struggling to breathe through a nose clogged up by a cold or catarrh . . . when it takes only a moment to relieve that congestion and discomfort?

3-WAY RELIEF

Just tilt your head back and put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Va-tro-nol's specialized medication swiftly (1) clears away stuffiness, (2) soothes that hot, dry irritation, and (3) shrinks the swollen membranes. Once again you can enjoy cool, clear breathing. Keep Va-tro-nol handy. And remember that, if used at the first sneeze, it prevents many colds from developing.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

A valuable help in restoring physical strength after illness

During convalescence the patient's appetite is often capricious . . . he doesn't like this and doesn't fancy that. Yet it is most important that he has the right food to build up health and strength. In this respect Horlicks is invaluable. Patients enjoy the delicious flavour of Horlicks, and it has the additional advantage of being very easy to digest.

Horlicks is a complete food drink. It creates warmth and energy almost at once, since the natural sugars it contains are quickly absorbed by the blood-stream. This is the reason for the marked revivifying effect of Horlicks.

As a tissue-repairer Horlicks is of definite value. It contains a valuable proportion of readily - assimilable protein, also a percentage of mixed carbohydrates. This makes Horlicks a very real factor in restoring bodily strength. It's no trouble at all to prepare Horlicks. Simply mix it with water only, hot or cold. Its natural sugars make Horlicks sweet enough for most tastes.

Horlicks is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins, price 3/-.

(Prices slightly higher in the country.)

HORLICKS

Give Back My Heart

Continued from page 14

KAY gave a little shiver. Supposing that had been Curtis she had seen pass in the car? She had not mentioned it to Andy. The glimpse had been so brief—just a swift, flashing impression as the car had swept by. But she was beginning to see danger everywhere. The thing was getting on her nerves. It was time she and Andy did something.

Then there was Martin. What had he to do with it? How was he involved? He knew something—that was certain. Did he care so desperately for this woman that he would not give her away in any circumstances? That would explain a lot—but it would also make him a traitor. She would not believe that.

It was horrible. Martin was brilliant, unstable, selfish, weak where his own pleasures and desires were concerned, but surely if it came to something that concerned the safety of his country, he could not put Magda first.

Knowing Martin, caring about him as he had cared once, knowing how deep, how unhappy, and hopeless was his attachment to Magda, she knew what he would do. Things like this never happened to him when I was with him, she thought, I always kept him within his depth . . . and came the quick stab of relief that she was free of those old fetters. How would she feel now, if she still cared?

Kay heard a low whistle below her window. She looked down into the garden and saw Andy standing there in the golden light. He had changed into corduroys and check shirt, the sleeves rolled up above his elbows, the collar open at the neck. She could see the white line where his uniform shirt had ended, and his neck had caught the sun.

He had a handful of grain and he held it up, whistling, and the doves descended like cherubim, perching on his shoulders and arms and hair, pecking the grain out of his hands.

She leaned out of the low lattice and said severely: "Grain for doves—in wartime!" and saw his white teeth gleam in amusement.

"Gleanings," he said. "I was home last harvest, and we wore our finger-nails off getting them. Hurry-up and come down."

She rose hurriedly. "I haven't started to change yet."

"Look, Kay. I want to talk to you—after dinner we'll go for a walk. We've got to start moving. Remember?"

"Yes," her voice sounded a little scared.

He threw the grain along the stone terrace, and the doves left him, running along the sun-warmed stones, pecking greedily. Andy came and stood under her window, looking up at her, and she thought how different he looked in his own casual clothes.

She said: "Andy—I'm scared!"

He answered gravely. "We started to play at this—amateur detectives. It's not play any more. We mustn't panic when the flak starts coming up."

His voice quieted her fear.

She said briefly: "I won't be a minute."

To be continued

First thing every morning!

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PRESERVES EGGS PERFECTLY

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You will then have plenty of eggs for both table and cooking.

Buy your KE-PEG now. Obtainable all Grocers.

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BLONDES!

Bring back GOLDEN BEAUTY to your darkened fair hair

If your blonde hair is going dark and brownish, try Stablond. You will make this amazing discovery . . . that only Stablond can bring back that natural golden beauty to faded fair hair. Stablond prevents blonde hair from darkening and keeps it bright and burnished always. It is made specially for blondes. Not a luxury but a necessity and an economy for natural blonde hair.

STA-BLOND

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Dramatic tale of three sisters

1 THE GAYLORD SISTERS, Susanne (Nancy Coleman), Evelyn (Geraldine Fitzgerald), and Fiona (Barbara Stanwyck) are claiming their father's estate.

2 CAUSE of their trouble is Charles Barclay (George Brent), who has another will.

3 FIONA finally admits to her sisters that Barclay is her husband, whom she married seven years ago to collect an inheritance from her aunt, then left him the next day.

4 BARCLAY also desires the custody of their child, but Fiona claims he can't prove the boy is hers.

5 YOUNG ARTIST, Gig Young (Gig Young), is going to marry Susanne, and as Evelyn has returned to England Fiona will be left on her own.

6 SADDENED because Barclay has won custody of child and Evelyn has departed, Fiona seeks to forget her unhappiness in the family wine cellar.

7 STILL IN LOVE with Fiona, Barclay finally persuades her to return to him and their child.

The Gay Sisters

IN Warner Bros. film, "The Gay Sisters," the sisters are played by Barbara Stanwyck, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Nancy Coleman — all redheads, and with similar features.

Newcomer Gig Young received such enthusiastic reports for this film that he adopted the screen name. His real name is Bryant Fleming.

Stephen Longstreet, author of "The Gay Sisters," told him that Gig Young was the name he himself had used when he had gone to Paris as a youth, against the wishes of his family, to become an artist.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

ALLEYNE LESLIE
answers some posers

Q: Peggy's seen her soldier husband only three days in the past year. Now John, the dashing pilot she used to work with, asks her out. Should she—

1. Put on her pretties and go?
2. Accept, but tell the man all about it?
3. Graciously decline?

A: No. 3's your cue, Peggy dear. People talk and, besides, would "he" really like it? Save your fun for his precious leave and in the meantime keep that fresh, orange-blossom look of your complexion by using Erasmic Vanishing Cream. There's nothing like it to protect skin from wind and weather and preserve that soft luscious finish.

Q: Sue's known Harry for just ten perfect days; he's on final leave and wants to get married. Should she—

1. Say she's not sure and risk losing him for ever?
2. Fix the wedding-day now and chance being sorry afterwards?

A: It's hard to wait when you're in love, Sue dear, but No. 1 is the only possible answer. Make sure he'll adore you just as much next leave by improving the golden moments with regular use of Erasmic Cold Cream. It'll make your skin so soft and satin-y that he'll think you more lovely than ever.

Q: Jane has one pretty eye on the handsome young welder in the factory. What's her best line to get acquainted—

1. Go over at lunch-break and ask him if he jitterbugs?
2. Plan an introduction through a girl friend?
3. Keep her mind on her job and hope he'll notice her?

A: Anything but No. 3 would definitely throw a spanner in the works, Jamie. But remember, just because your overalls are workaday, your skin doesn't have to be that way, too. See if Erasmic Face Powder doesn't give you a No. 1 priority with that boy! A girl's heaviest artillery is always her glamour and men fall hard for a well-groomed complexion.

ERASMIC Beauty Products

1/2 each

Rose Petal Beauty
with New Petal-Finish

Here at last is a depth of tone as clear and soft and smooth as a rose petal. Tangee's new PETAL-FINISH Lipsticks, Rouge and Face Powder combine a softness, a smoothness of texture never before achieved. Flattering loveliness, perfect grooming that lasts for longer than you'd believe possible.

As soon as restrictions are lifted stocks will be available.
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TANGEE *Lipsticks*
TANGEE *Rouge*
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WITH THE NEW PETAL-FINISH

Peek Frean's
Vita-Weat (REGD)
contains the life-giving wheat germ

To the health of the nation, Peek Frean's contribute their famous VITA-WEAT crispbread containing *all* the goodness of the wheat. Give the family VITA-WEAT with their meals and ensure for them the regular benefit of the energising Vitamin B1. VITA-WEAT is crisp, delicious and very good indeed for your health.

VITA-WEAT KEEPS YOU FIT & SLIM

V.W.A

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Tray Dinners

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

ON icy-cold evenings, on eating-alone nights, on informal week-ends when relaxation is order of the day, try tray dinners in front of the fire—a good book, too, and a comfortable chair.

Plan menus accordingly.

Soups are best of the light bouillon type and served in cups.

Meat dishes should be of the type that can be managed with a fork, casseroles of cubed meat, grilled brochettes, tripe, kidneys, hamburgers or rissoles.

Serve salad snippets that can be eaten with fingers . . . celery sticks, carrot straws, radishes, crisp turnip shavings, cress, and small lettuce leaves.

Sweets should be also of the easily managed variety . . . pie wedges, cookies served with fresh piece of fruit, cup cakes, individual cup puddings, custards cooked and served in individual casseroles.

CREAMED KIDNEYS WITH TOAST TRIANGLES

Six sheep's kidneys, 1 dessertspoon butter (or substitute), 1 cooked onion, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon (if available), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley or good pinch of dried herbs, 2 cups white sauce, pepper and salt, 4 slices toast.

Wash the kidneys and rinse in boiling water. Remove skin and core, and chop. Saute the kidneys for a few minutes in the fat. Add sliced, cooked onion, bacon, herbs, and sauce, and season to taste. Heat thoroughly. If bacon is not available, add a little grated apple and ½ teaspoon (or to taste) of curry powder. Serve with toast triangles, piping hot.

CREAMED PARSLEY SOUP

One cup parsley sprigs, ½ cup water, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock or water, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, squeeze lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Snip parsley with scissors or separate in smallest sprigs. Place in saucepan with half cup water and half teaspoon salt. Cover tightly and cook in ½ cup water in lidded pan about seven minutes. Slice onion, saute in fat, add flour, cook one minute without browning and stir in milk and stock and lemon rind. Simmer for three minutes, stirring well. Add parsley and liquid in which cooked, and squeeze of lemon juice. Correct seasoning to taste. A dash of Tabasco or Worcestershire sauce may be added. Serve very hot with crisp, dry toast wafers. For three or four serves.

PEPPER POT BROTH

Half pound scrag end mutton, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon vinegar, small bunch herbs (mint, parsley, marjoram or thyme), 2 tablespoons barley, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper or to taste, 2½ pints water, 2 tablespoons grated turnip, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Chop meat and grate or chop vegetables. Add vinegar, herbs, barley, salt, pepper, and water. Simmer gently for two hours. Strain, add grated turnip and chopped parsley, and serve steaming hot. For four.

HEARTY MEAL for working lass who lives alone: Bran muffins served with ragout of steak and onions. Cup crumb pudding topped with quince jelly.

DOUBLE QUICK RHUBARB CUP PUDDINGS

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon dripping, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1½ tablespoons brown or white sugar, ½ cup chopped rhubarb, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift flour, rub in fat. Add lemon rind, sugar and rhubarb. Mix to a soft consistency with beaten egg and milk. Add lemon juice. Place mixture in 4 small, greased cups or moulds. Cover with greased paper. Steam over boiling water for 25 minutes. Serve freshly made with or without sauce. For four.

Continued on opposite page

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ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Eno is now in short supply for civilians because the needs of the Services, especially in the tropics and sub-tropics, must come first. So please use your supply sparingly because Eno is on active service. The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

Why Cough?

NATURE CAN'T HEAL WHILE COUGHING CONTINUES...

Stop Your Cough! Take Y-COUGH

KILLS COLDS WITH KINDNESS!

1/9 AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

If the shoe fits you—wear it!

● Ill-fitting shoes can make you tired, nervy, irritable, put ageing lines into your face and definitely cramp your style.

By MEDICO

"UNCLE, you were right about my shoes giving me corns and making my back ache!" said my niece, making herself comfortable in my chair. "I haven't had one corn and I can stand all day without an ache since I've been wearing these."

I looked down at "these" and silently approved of the attractive yet serviceable shoes.

Six months ago Helen had come to see me with a different story, unfortunately one that I hear many times a day. She had taken on a strenuous war job that meant standing for the best part of twelve hours. In the beginning, she was able to give it her best, but lately—well, in her own words, she'd gone to pieces. Her back ached, her feet ached, her head ached, she was nervy and irritable.

Actually, there was nothing wrong with her that a well-designed pair of shoes couldn't put right. I made the suggestion—I had been making it since she left school—with happy results.

They say it's an "ill wind," and I thought cheerfully of the many women, young and old, who since the war have realised that for comfort and healthy feet the shoe must fit the foot, not the foot the shoe.

Women have always led in foot ailments, mostly because they will force their feet into short, pointed shoes, with high heels.

If you could see an X-ray of the foot in a shoe of this type you would be amazed at its unnatural shape. The big toe is forced over on top of the second toe while the little toe is lost to sight under the fourth toe. When the wearer stands, the high heel throws the foot forward and naturally the toes curl under.

The result is a bunion on the joint of the big toe, a little toe that almost ceases to exist except for a corn, and a second toe which looks something like a hammer.

Treatment is of little value unless you first improve the cause — the shoe. For everyday wear at work or in the home I would advise you to wear a shoe with a reasonably broad toe, laced, and with a low heel—well, one up to one and one-half inches high. The inside edge of the shoe should be as near a straight line as possible.

And finally a word to mothers: Don't cramp baby's feet into tight bootees. Young feet grow every day, while woollen bootees shrink in the wash every week.

When you're fitting Master and Miss Five, compare an outline of the foot with that of the shoe, making sure the latter is at least half an inch larger.

Try to persuade the teen-age youngster that flat heels and square toes are more in keeping with a school uniform than spike heels.

And when you make a purchase, pick a day when you have plenty of time; above all, don't forget to take a short walk in the shoes.

The foot at rest can be anything from a quarter to one inch shorter than the foot at work!

SMART - LOOKING dress shoes like these are fine for going places, but are definitely not the type for housework or a war job.

FOR RELAXATION and play, shoes like these worn by Jane Putten, RKO player, are fine.

YOUNG FEET grow every day, says Medico, so be sure that your children are equipped with comfortable, well-fitting shoes.

TRAY DINNER

(As illustrated on opposite page)

Take 1lb. round steak, cut up and brown in 1 dessertspoon dripping, add small sliced onion, 1 dessertspoon flour, and 1½ cups water. Season, and simmer gently in saucepan or casserole for about 40 minutes. For one.

Dice 1 cup vegetables such as carrot and parsnip, add few peas, sprinkle of salt, ½ cup water. Cook gently in lidded pan until just tender, about 10 minutes. Or may be cooked on top of meat for 20 minutes. For one.

For Pudding: Combine ½ cup milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon sugar. Cook in covered greased cup in steamer or moderate oven, 20 minutes. For one.

The bran muffins are made by adding ½ cup all-bran to 1 cup self-raising flour, rub in 1 tablespoon dripping, and mix to a soft dough with a beaten egg and milk. Cook in greased patties in moderate oven 20 minutes.

First prize of £1 in our popular weekly contest has been awarded to Mrs. E. Westwood, 53 Bennett Street, Bondi, N.S.W., for orange shortcake. Recipe will be given next week.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3. ***

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DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

a friend in need for

Stomach Pains

Every day you continue to suffer from stomach trouble or indigestion is one more day of regret for you. But by starting NOW with De Witt's Antacid Powder you ensure instant relief from the first dose . . . permanent freedom from dreaded pain after meals . . . return of an eat-what-you-like digestion. That's what De Witt's Antacid Powder brings to every victim of digestion disorders.

End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. In large sky-blue canisters, 2/6.

WIPE COLDS & FLU OFF the SLATE

IMMEDIATELY you notice the first sign of a cold, take two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets and continue taking the same quantity every two or three hours until the symptoms disappear; with the last dose of 'ASPRO' before retiring, take a hot, stimulating drink. Some people use lemon for the hot drink and some prefer whisky, while others mix the two. It is advisable, when taking 'ASPRO' for Colds and 'Flu to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent a chill. The most important thing is to see that you have a packet of 'ASPRO' Tablets always on hand ready for any emergency. 7/44

'ASPRO'

IS YOUR SAFE PROTECTION

3d. & 1'3 Packet. Large Family Size 4'-

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Left-overs in party dress!

You've seen a conjuror throw a procession of bits-and-pieces into a top hat and produce a hot dinner on a plate.

You can do that sort of thing with an Agee Pyrex casserole. The only difference is that, with Pyrex cooking, you require neither special skill nor the ability to "deceive." The meal you can prepare from "left-overs" if you cook the Pyrex way is a genuine, nutritious, *balanced* meal—because *Agee Pyrex enables every ounce of nutriment to be extracted from meat and vegetables alike.* Nothing is wasted; nothing is boiled away; *you get more food-value per coupon.*

If your kitchen is Pyrex-equipped you have no "left-over" problems . . . you can serve the bits-and-pieces in delightful party dress . . . piping hot, delicious, stamina-building, economical. Try it!

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